

A. D. C.

from

Her Mother

May

No. 2

H. D. 6

Maria J. Tallmadge

Maria J. Tallmadge

MS. TUNE BOOK

TROY NY

Maria Jones Tallmadge...

Tallmadge

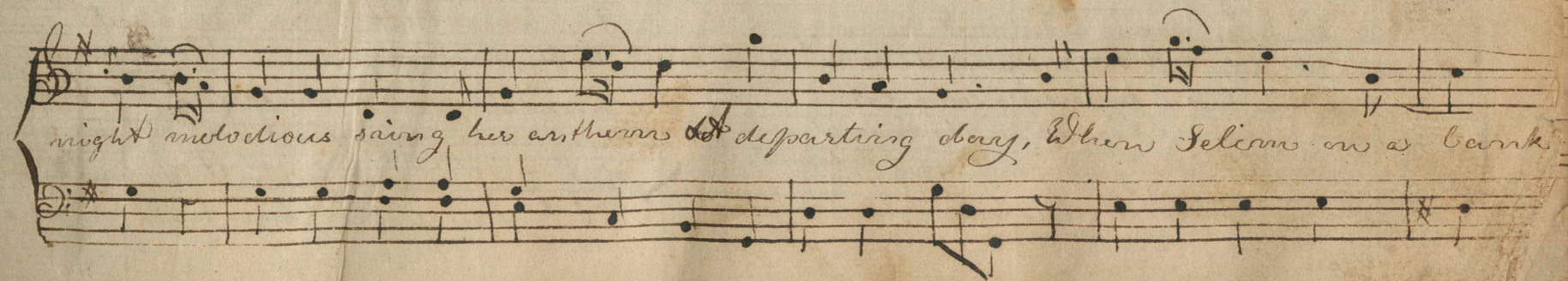
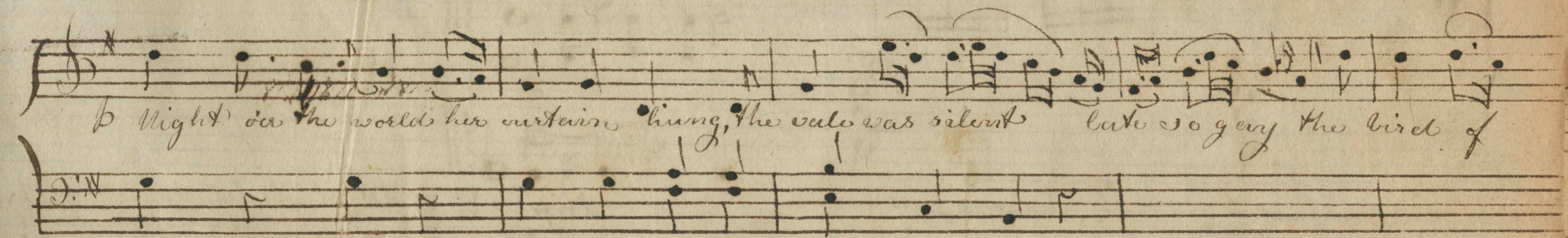
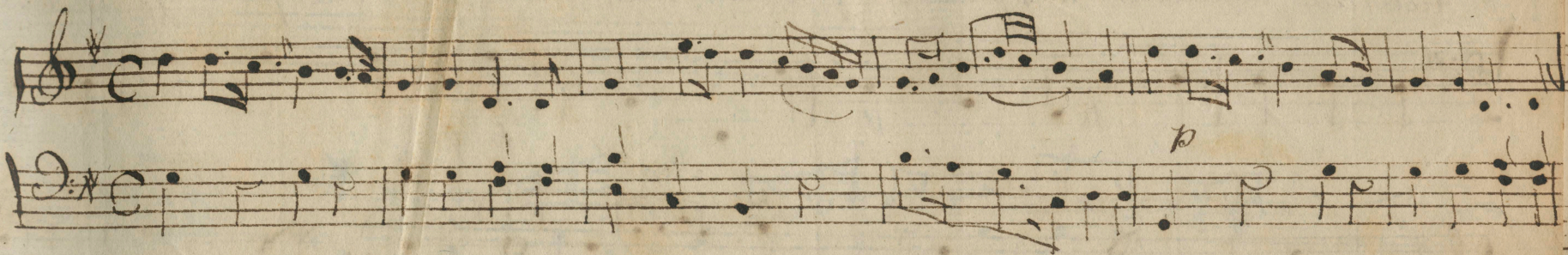
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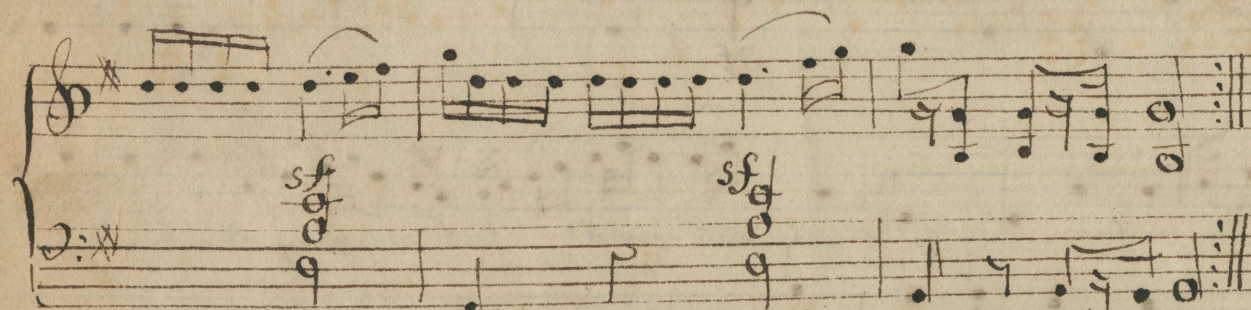
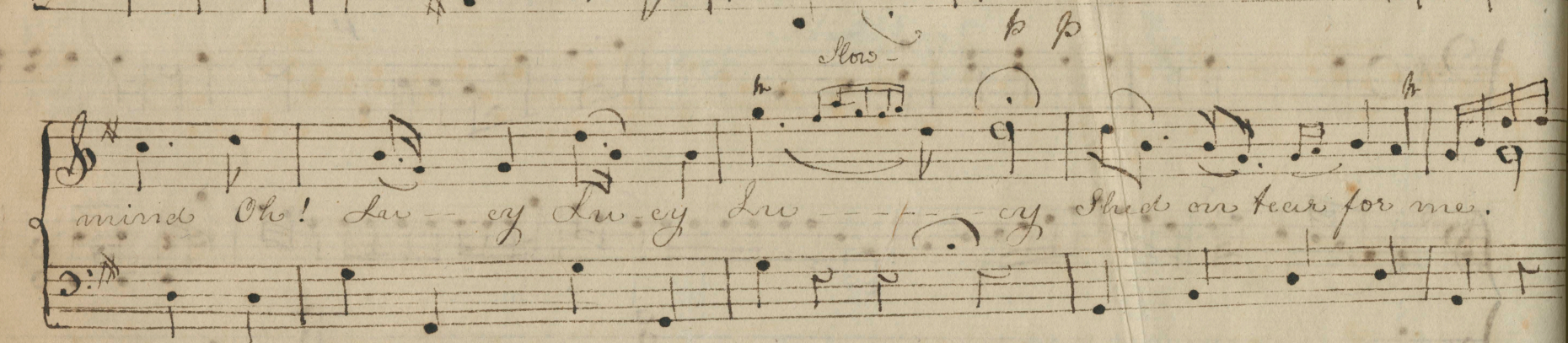
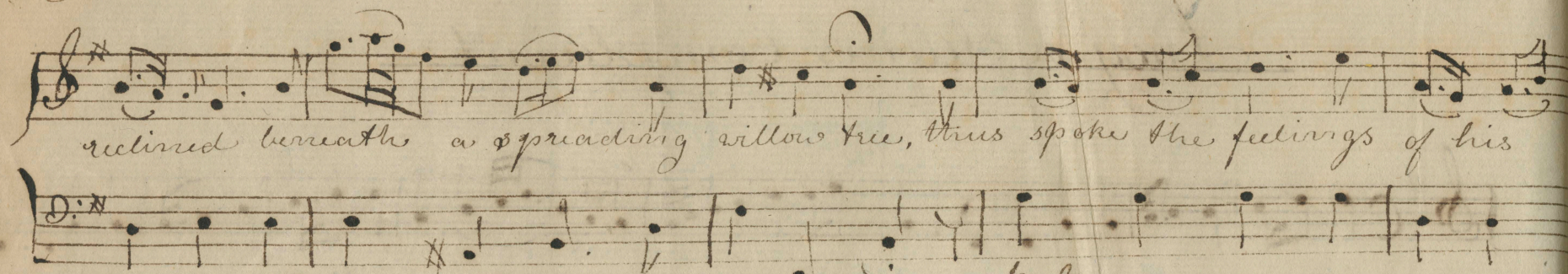
mk

The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. —
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus. —
Let no such man be trusted.

Shakespeare —

Lucy or Selim's Complaint



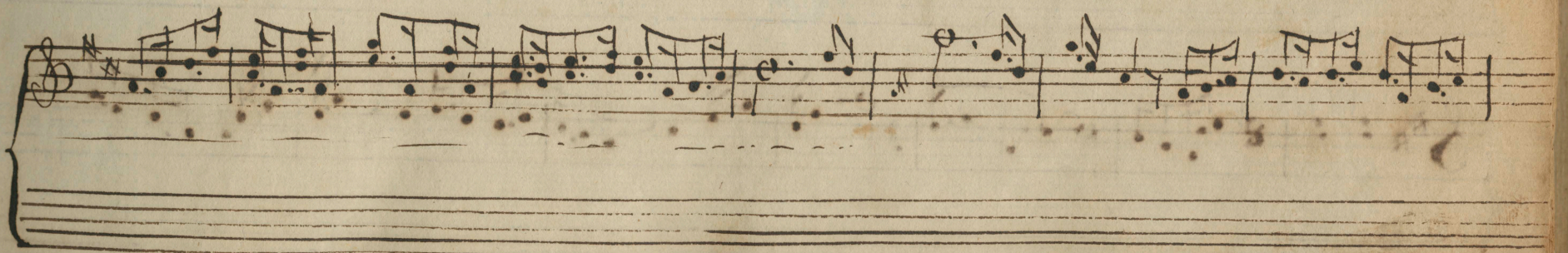
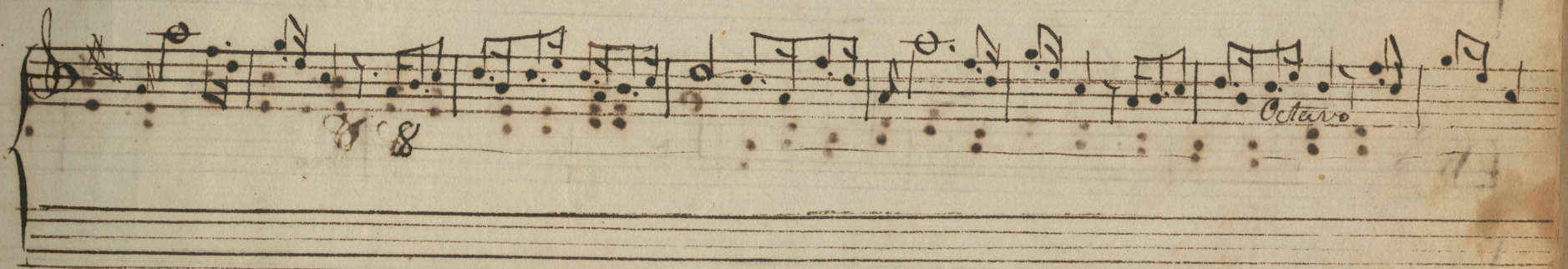
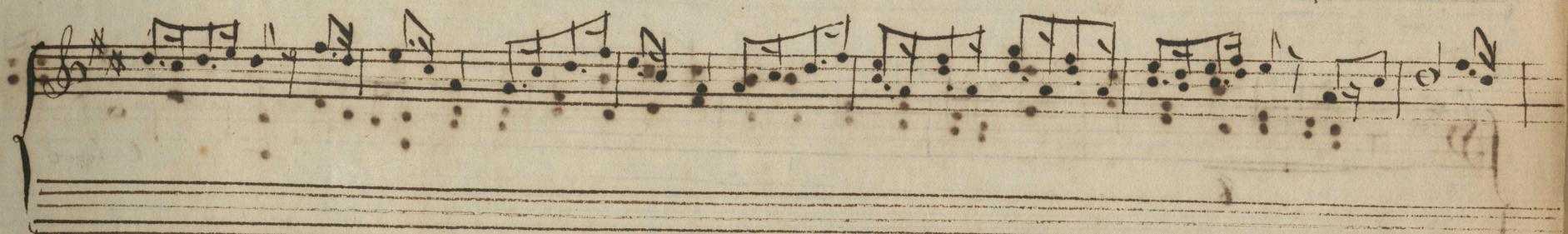


Ayes had I all that heaven could give,
Were my possessions rich and great,
Then for my Lucy Would I live,
I should not feel the supplicant's wait,
But since heaven poverty's my lot,
No hope remains to wed with thee,
The beauties now can grace my lot
Oh! Lucy shed one tear for me.

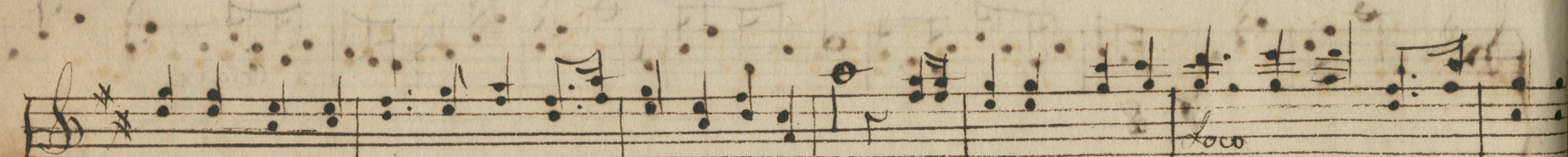
Deprived of all that life could bless,
The torment of life no more I crave,
The house that offers happiness
Is that which shakes my happy grave
Be each fond wish enjoy'd of thine,
Many heavens protect I needs comfort thee
The turf must press this heart of mine
Oh! Lucy shed one tear for me

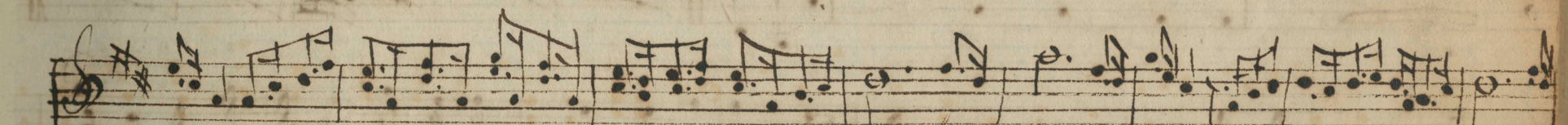
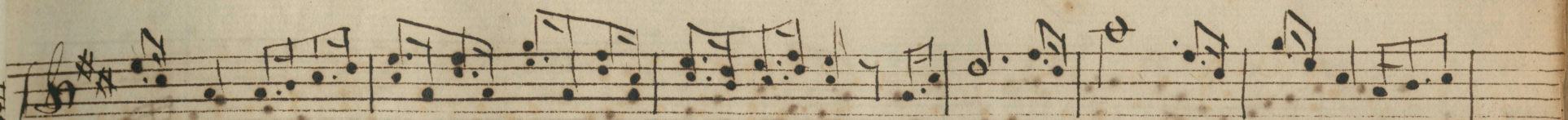
Turkish March

(3)



(4) *off the*





(6)

Just like Love.

A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring ten staves of music. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 2/4 time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The lyrics are written in cursive below the staves, with some words underlined. The paper shows signs of age, including foxing and staining.

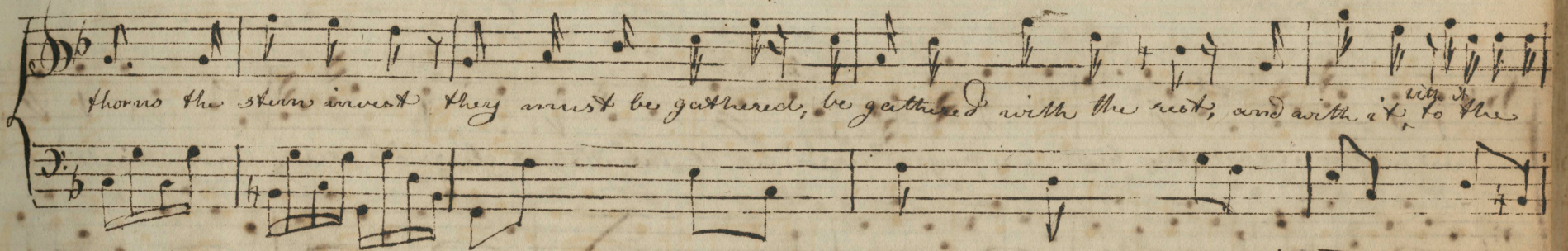
Just like love is yonder Rose Heavenly fragrance

round it throws yet hark its dewy leaves disclose and in the midst of thorns at bloom.

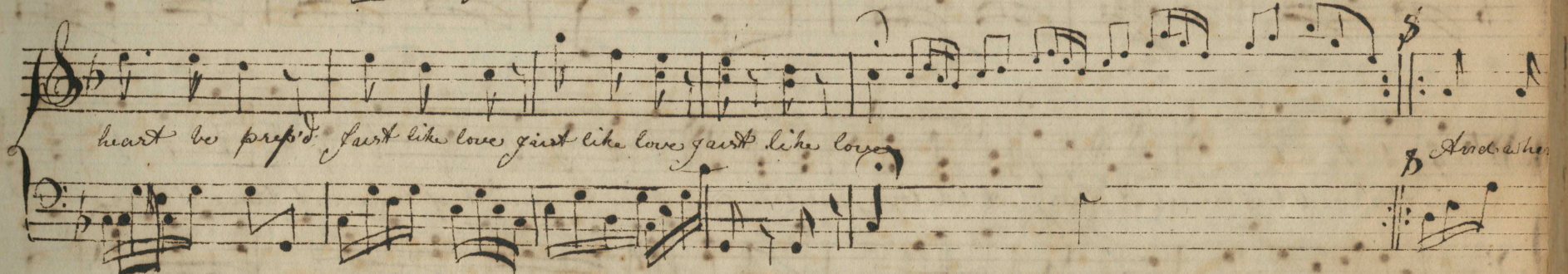
just like love just like love just like love just like love.



Called to bloom upon the breast since rough

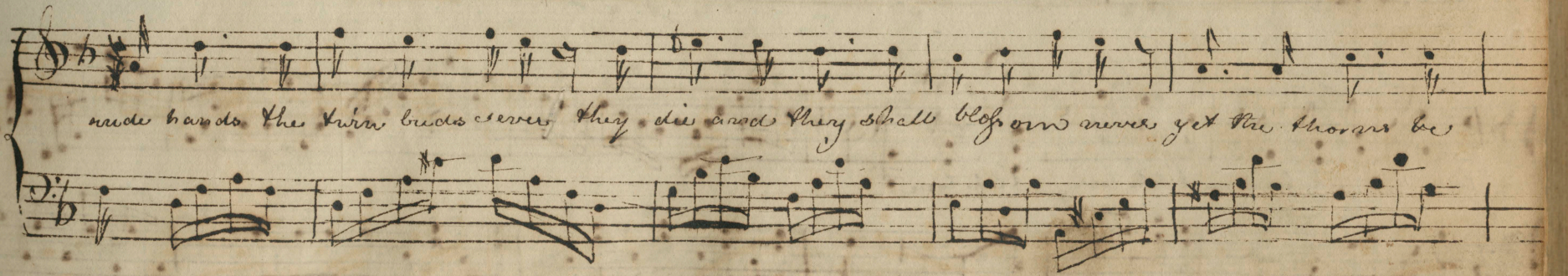


thorns the stem in vain they must be gathered, be gathered with the rest, and with it, ^{with it} to the

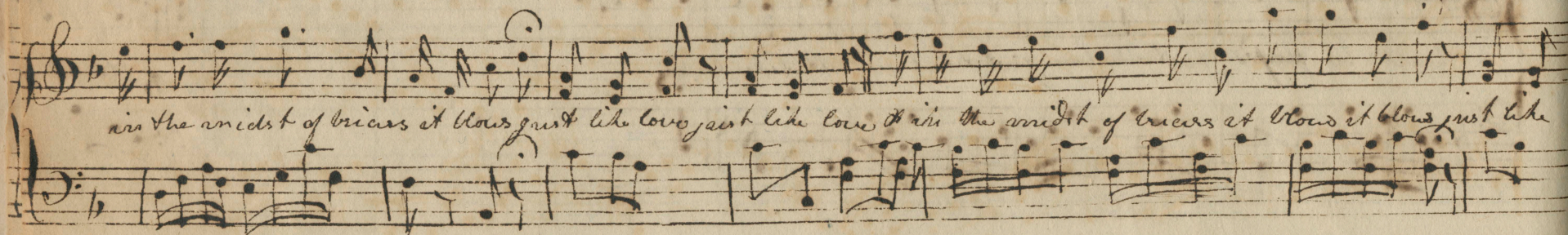
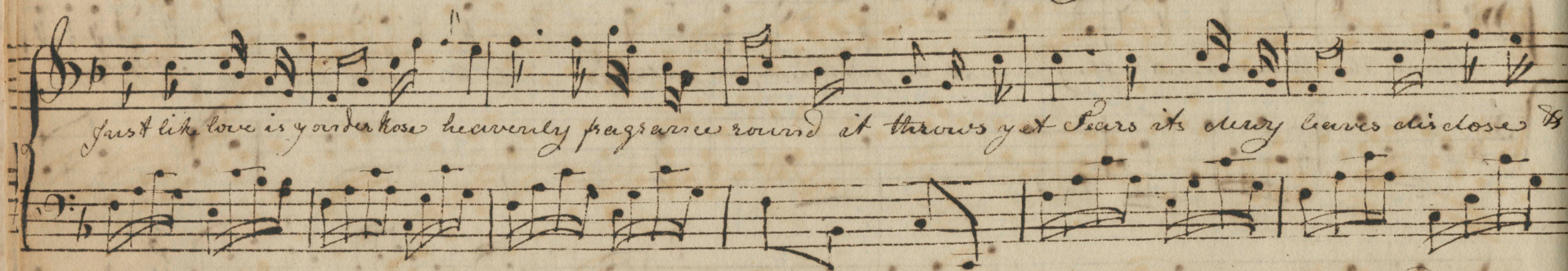
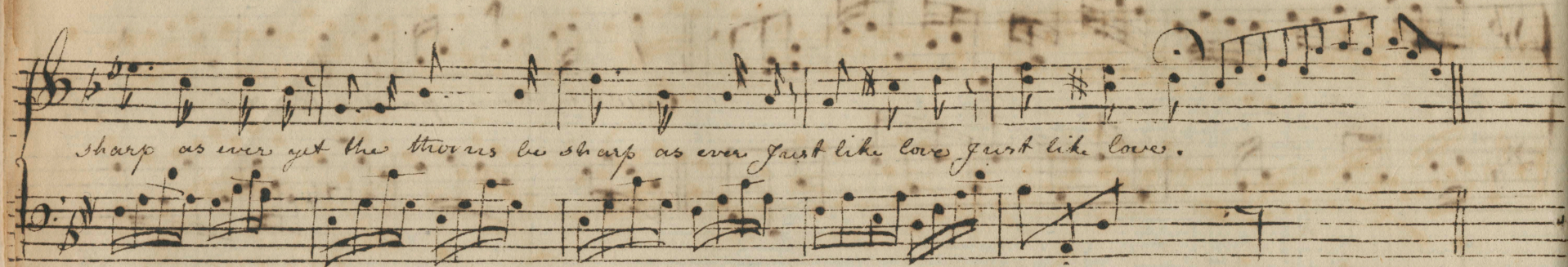


heart be prep'd just like love just like love just like love

And athen

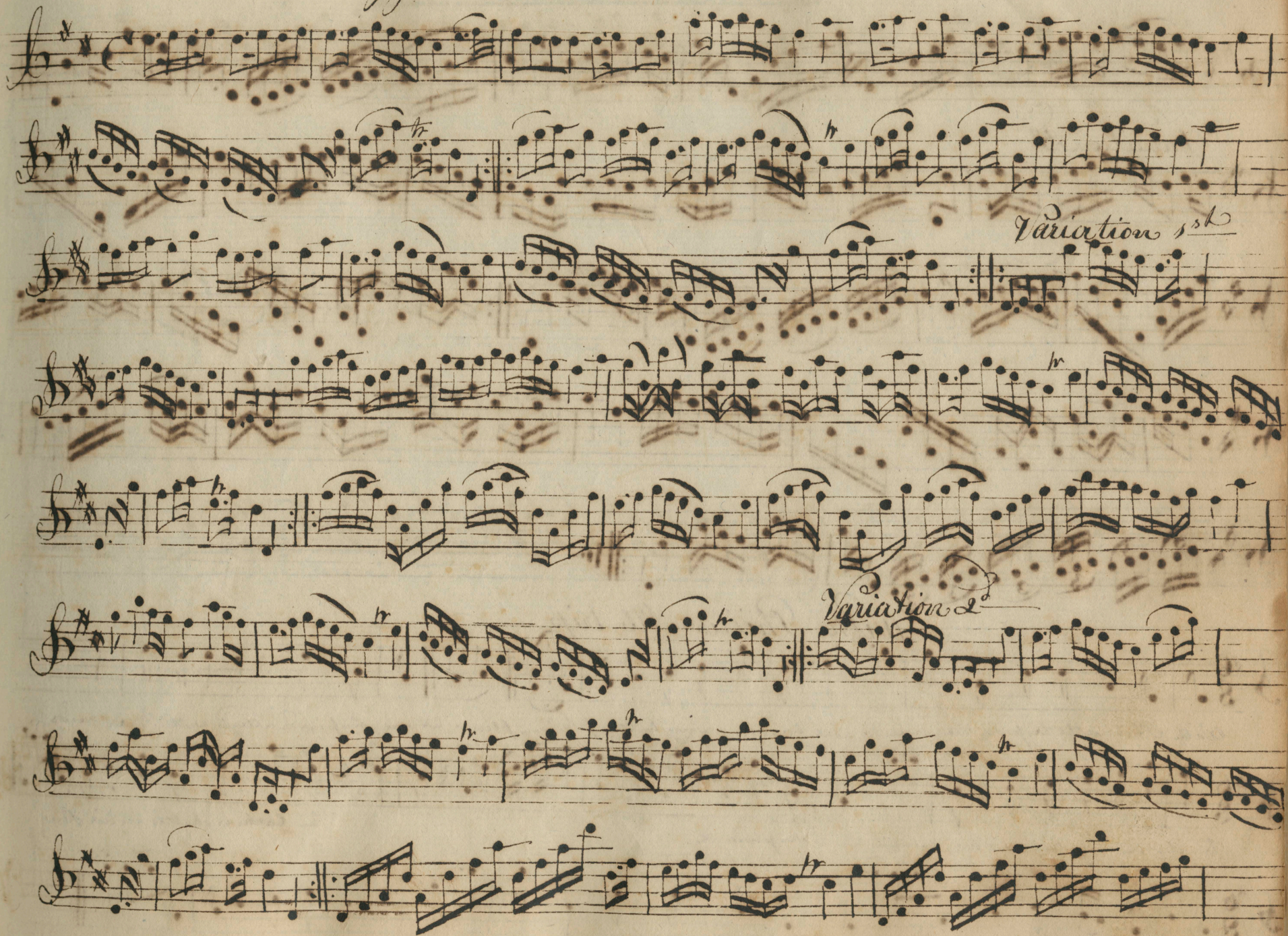


under hands the twin buds ever they die and they shall bloom never yet the thorns be



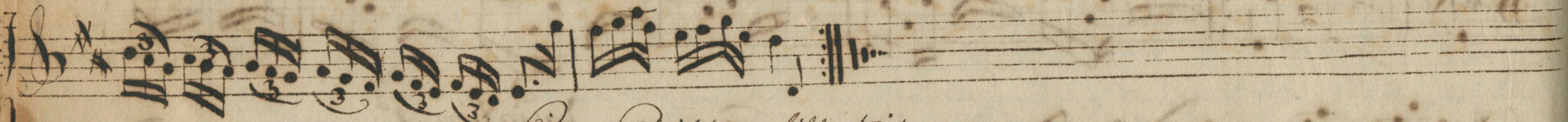
Maggie Lawder. with variations.

(9)

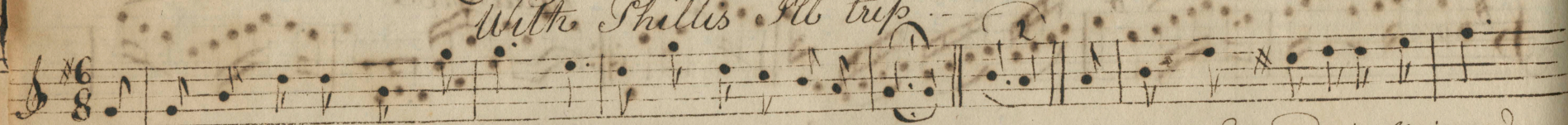




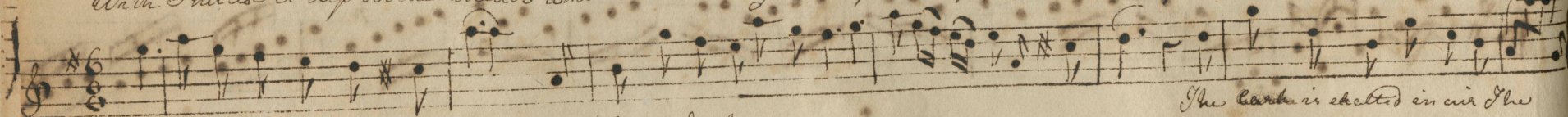
Variation 3^d



With Phillis I'll trip

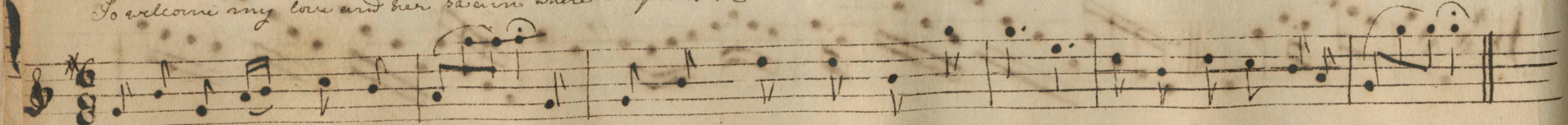


With Phillis I'll trip see the meads now hasten away to the plain plain, Where shepherds attend with their flocks



The lark is sketched in air

To welcome my love and her again where shepherds be



Linnet sits perched on the spray our larks stand in need of our care Then let us not lengthen delay.

The broom of Cowdenknows.

(11)

Andante.

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed, sing their successful loves,

A —

— round the ever and cambrings, ^{feel} and music fills the groves. But any lov'd song is there the broom so fair on Cowdenknows

For sure — so soft — so sweet — a bloom, Else where there never grows — Oh! the broom, the bonny bonny broom



There Cotter's turned his Oaten reeds,
 And won any gilding heart;
 No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on Swards,
 Could play with half such art.

The song of Fay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leaden larks, of Leaden sides,
 Oh! how I blep'd the sound!

Oh the broom &c

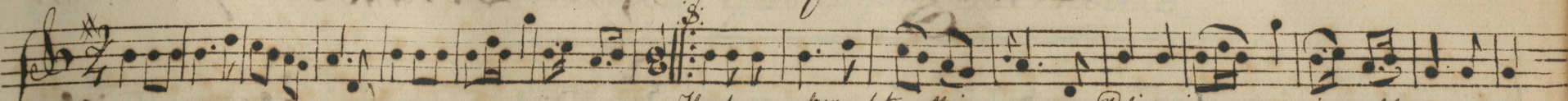
Not Fairer trees so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Not yonous larks in flowery May,
 Nor the birds about Fraquair.

More pleasing far are Bowdenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to walk my Eves,
 At eve among the broom.

Oh! the broom &c

Hush every breeze

(13)



Hush every breeze let nothing move my Delia sings, and sing of love around



the winning graces wait

and calm contentment guards thy seat

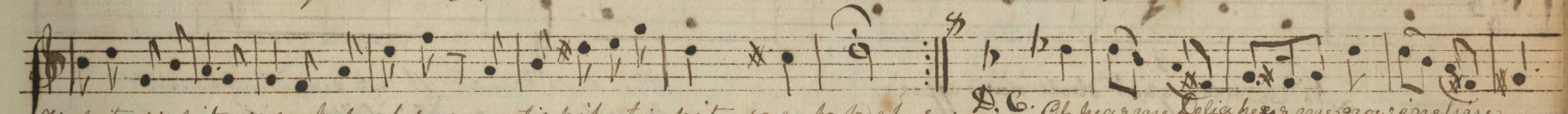
Hush every breeze let nothing move my



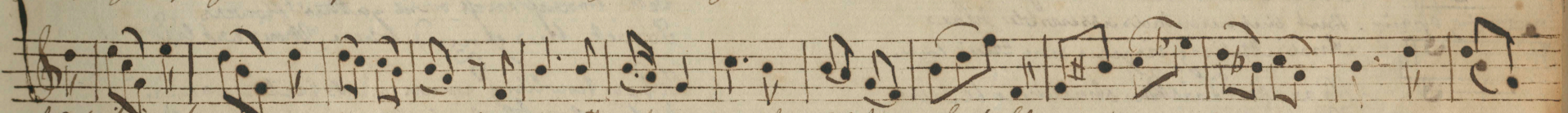
Delia sings and sing of love.



In the sweet shade my Delia stay, you'll bask those charms more, sweet than Mary the sun now sages in his room

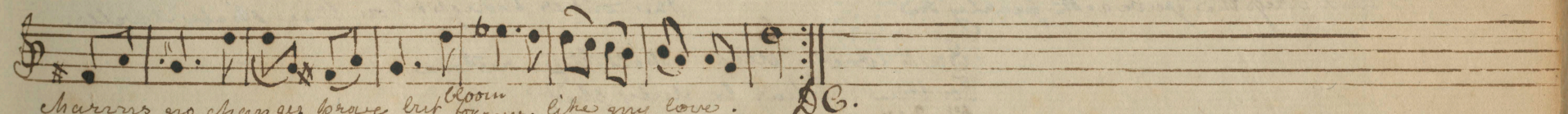


Oh pity, oh pity, sure to part so soon, his pity, his pity sure to part so soon. D.C. Oh hear me Delia here and now incline



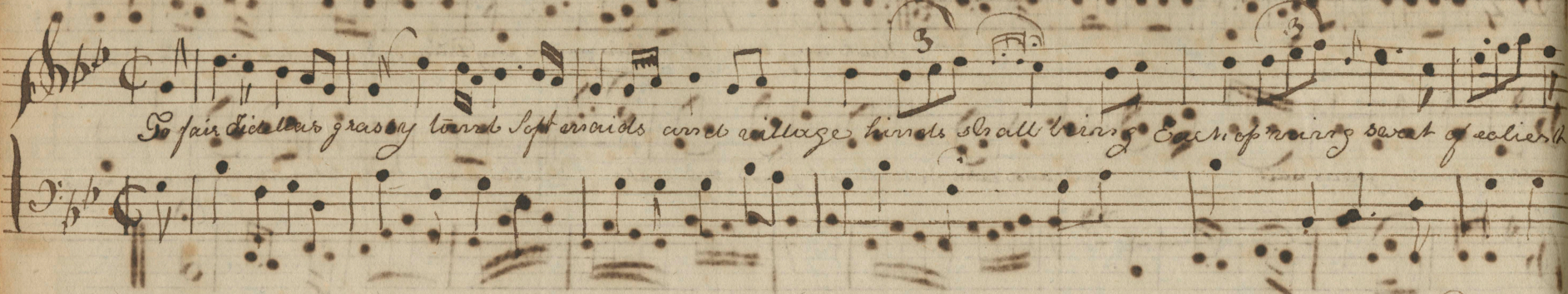
propitious to my vow. so

so may thy charms no changes prove but bloom forever like my love, so may thy



Charms no changes prove but bloom forever like my love. D.C.

Dirge in Gyn Be Line. by Collins.



No waiting ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove
Best shepherd birds assemble here
And Meling virgins own their love.
No artless wren shall here be seen
Nor goblins lead their nightly crew
But fern ale deys shall haunt the green
And creep the grove with pearly dew.

The red breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly land his little bird
With hoots and croaks and gathers flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
When howling winds and beating air
In tempests shake thy bay window cells;
Or wind the chase on every plain
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lovely scene shall thee restore
For thee the tear be duly shed
Till life can charm no more
And none and till parties parties self be dead.

Return ~~you~~ raptured hours.

(14)



Return ~~you~~ raptured hours,
 When Delia's heart was alive,
 When she with wreaths and flowers,
 My temples did entwine.
 When jealousy and care
 Corroded in my breast;
 But vision's light as air,
 Presided o'er my rest.

Best row around my couch,
 No airy visions play;
 No flowers deck my brow,
 Each annual holiday.
 For far from the sad pleasures
 May lightly Delia fly,
 While rack'd with jealous pains,
 Her wretched lover dies.

Louisa.

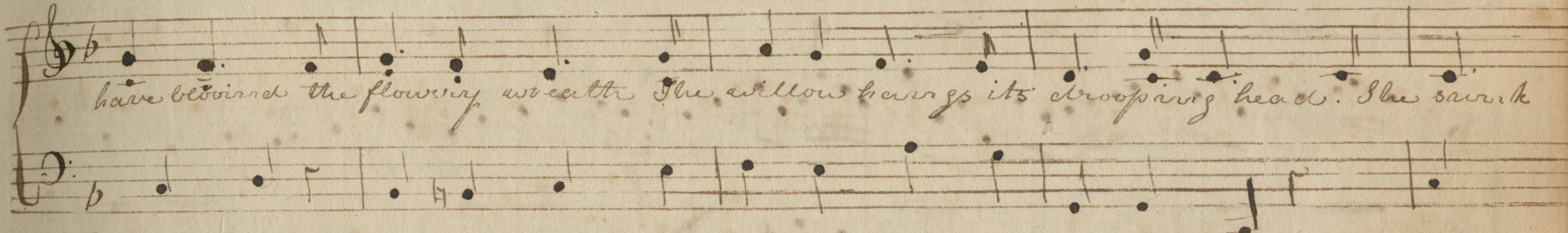
Largo affettuoso.

dim

The peering bell no longer tolled Louisa's form in
 earth reposed. her once sweet lips were pale and cold her once bright eyes were dull and closed. The mournful
 Crowd rush on to see the rude carved lines on yonder tree. And as its mourning branches
 wave bedew with tears Louisa's grave bedew with tears Louisa's grave.



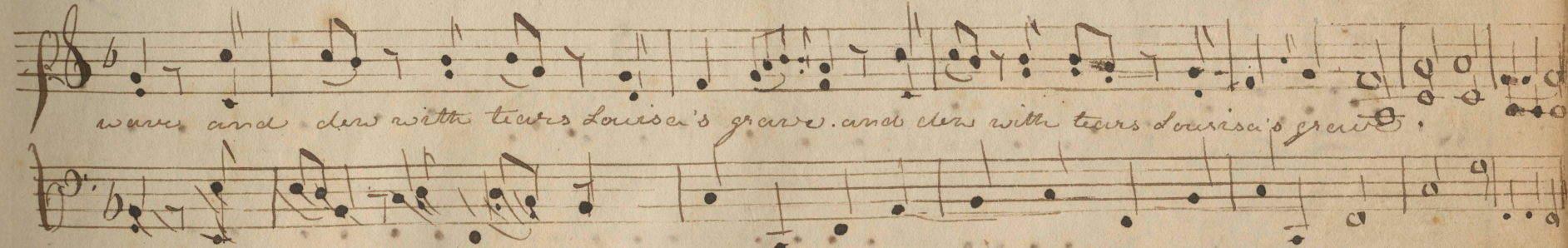
Here lies the shapeless turf beneath A lovely form in humble bed, where should



have bloomed the flowery wreath The willow hangs its drooping head. She sank



a prey to hopeless love. If her sad fate thy pity move observe the weeping branches



wave and dew with tears Louise's grave. and dew with tears Louise's grave.

Bonny Charley.

Handwritten musical score for "Bonny Charley" in 2/4 time. The score consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written in cursive below the staves.

I dearly do love to rove among the fields of

Barley, 'twas there that Charley told his love, the blithe the winsome Charley.

Then he so sued and he so woo'd His marriage was the parley what could I do but

Buckle up with bonny bonny Charley. O my bonny bonny boy my bonny bonny Charley, O my
 bonny bonny boy my bonny bonny Charley.

I kiss the lasses in the day,
 I sought the fields of barley,
 And strive to win from me away
 The heart of winsome Charley.
 But ah how vain! They cannot gain
 His heart, by all their plying,
 And now they see, he loves but me,
 My bonny bonny Charley.

Oh! ilka blessing crows the laird,
 That owns the fields of barley,
 And when I him alone regard
 For he is winsome Charley.
 The gentle youth with so much truth,
 So woe me late and early,
 I can't withstand to give my hand,
 To bonny bonny Charley.

O Logie O' Buchan.

O Logie O' Buchan

O Logie the third, They've taken away, fannie that dwelt in the yaird. Wha plays on the pipe

and the viol see same' they've taken awa fannie the flower of them a'. He said think na leing

*Lapsie tho I gang awa, For I'll come and see thee in spite of em a'. *mf**



2

Sandy has a new bar gear and hashy,
 A horse and a bridle and saddle for by;
 But I'll take my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'll have him in his house and land.
 He said think now lang lassie, tho I gang awa,
 For I'll come and see thee in spite of them a'.

3

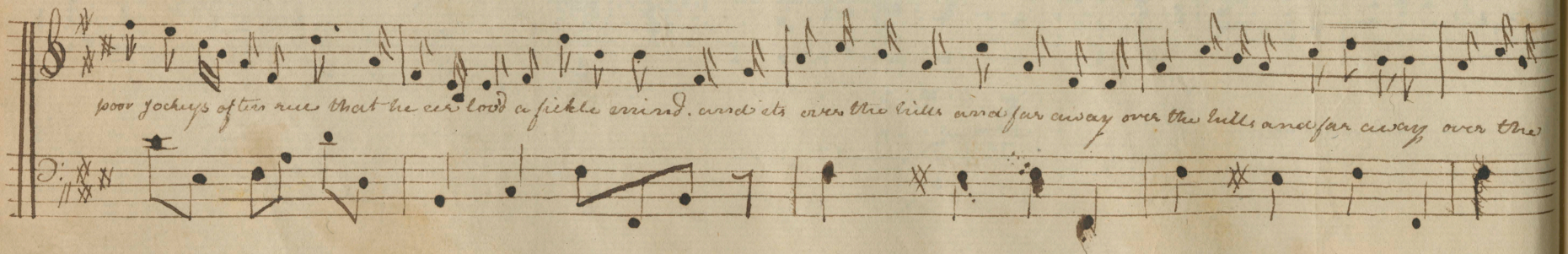
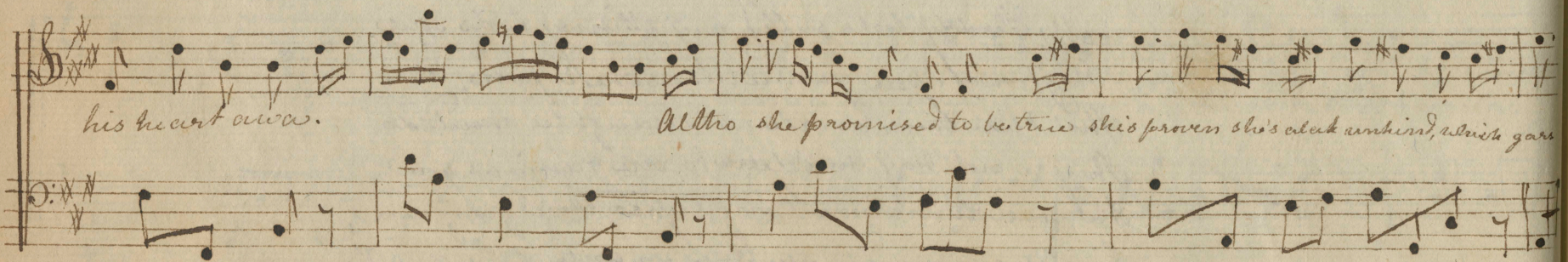
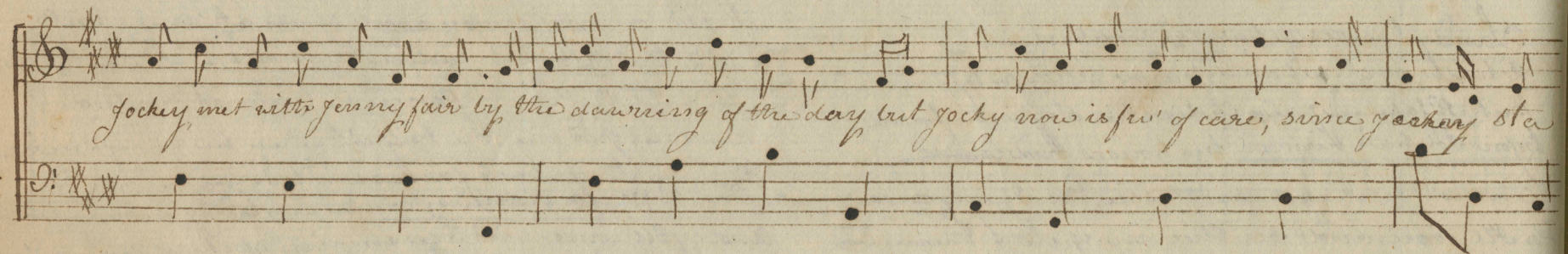
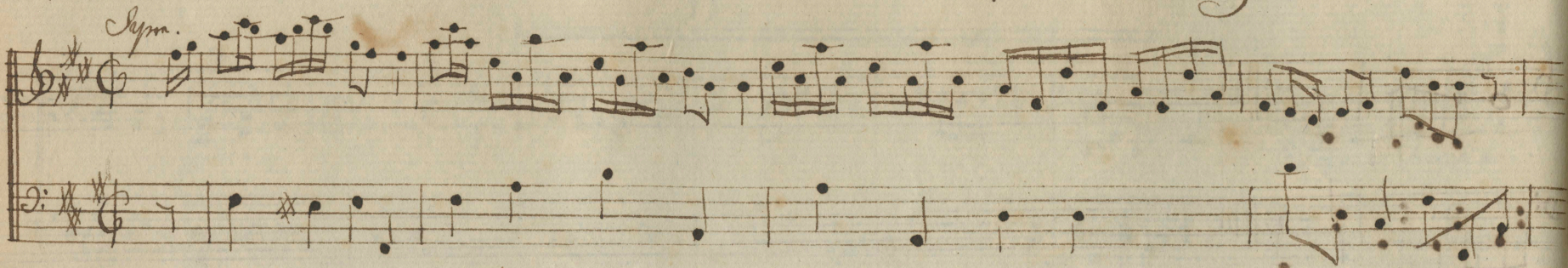
I sit on my crepie and spair at my wheel,
 And think o' the laddie that likes me sae well;
 He had but one sixpence, he broke it in twa,
 And he gied me the half o' it when he gang'd awa.
 Now I want ye back garrie and lide me awa,
 The sinner is coming cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me in spite of them a'.

4

My Daddy looks sally, my Minny looks sour,
 They frown upon garrie because he is poor,
 Tho' I like them as well as a daughter should do,
 They're not half sae dear to me garrie as you.
 He said think now lang lassie, tho I gang awa,
 For I'll come and see thee in spite of them a'.

(22)

Over the Hills and far Awa.





2

Now yockey was a bonny lad
As he was born in Scotland fair,
But now poor man he's gone mad
Since Jenny's part him to despair.
Young yockey was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young,
But on the springs that he could play
Was over the hills and far away. &c.

3

He sawg when first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd so fit of choice,
Wi' mickle joy my heart was fill'd
Which now alas wi' sorrow's fill'd.
O woe she but as true as fair
I could part an end to all my care
Instead of that she is unkind
And wavers like the winter wind. &c.

5

O could she find the dreadful way,
Which for her sake I am desir'd
She would not choose but grant relief
And put an end to all my grief.
But oh she is as false as faith
Which causes all my sighs and care,
Yet she triumphs in proud disdain
And takes a pleasure in my pain. &c.

Since that she will no pity take
I must go wander for her sake,
And in the wood or gloomy grove
All sighing sing adieu to love.
Since she is false whom I adore
I will not trust a woman more
From all her charms she'll flee away,
On my pipe I'll sweetly play. &c.

4

Hard was my fate to fall in love
With one who has so faithless prov'd
Hard was my hap to court a maid
Who has my constant heart betray'd.
At those sad times to me she swore
She would be true forever more,
But to my grief alas I say
She stole my heart and run away. &c.

(24)

The gentle Swan

By Kobayashi

Adagio. The gentle swan with graceful pride, her glossy plumage laves, and sailing down the silver

tide divides the whispering waves. The silver tide that wading flows Dear to the bird must

be but not so sweet (blithe Cupid knows) as Delia is to me, but not so sweet blithe Cupid

knows as Delia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood,
 Beyond fruit tree sing;
 And still the perched nest she views
 That held her feathered young.
 Tho' dear to her maternal breast
 The genial brood must be,
 They're not so dear the thousandth part
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale;
 Scarce pluck'd and in a garland bound
 Before the hue grew pale.
 My vital blood would thus be froze
 Of luckless torn from thee;
 For what the root is to the rose
 My Delia is to me.

Two Doves I found like new fall'n snow
 So white the beauteous pair,
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow
 They're like her bosom fair.
 May they of our connubial love
 A happy omen prove,
 Then such fond bliss as trustles prove
 Shall Delia share with me.

Far far from me my lover flies.

*Andante
Affettuoso.*

Far far from me my lover flies, a faithless lover, I In vain my tears are vain my sighs, no longer

true to me He seeks he seeks another No longer longer true to me he seeks he seeks

another He seeks he seeks another. I

Lie still my heart no longer grieves,
No pang to him betrays,
Who taught you those sad sighs to heave

No more by Sorrow

ALLEGRETTO.

No more by Sorrow thro'd any heart shall

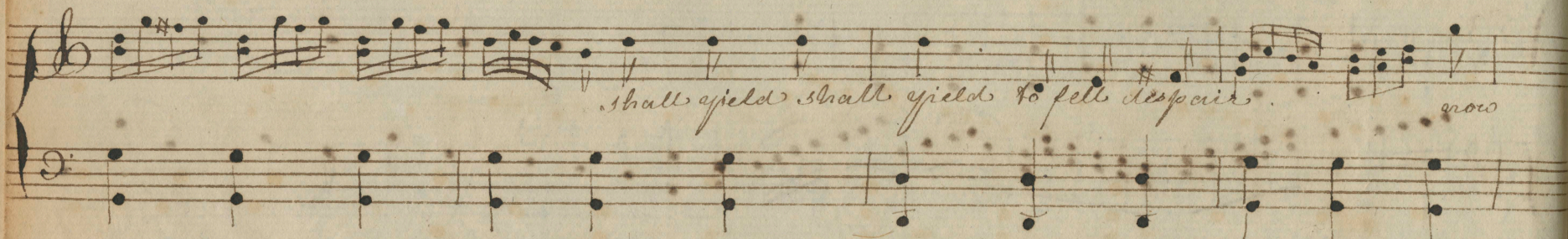
yield shall yield to fell despair. now joy now joy repels th'enviour's dart and

conquers ev'ry care now joy repels th'enviour's dart and con- - - quers conquers

every care. By. No more by sorrow shall any heart



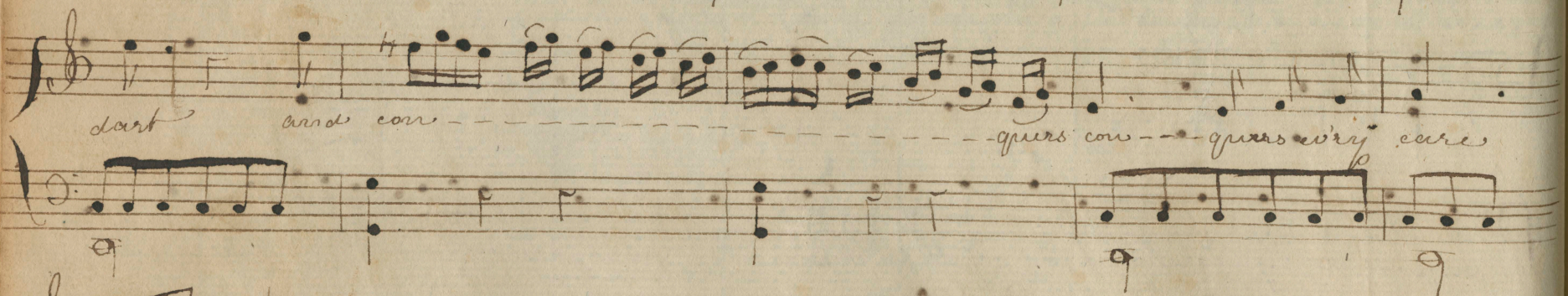
shall yield shall yield to fell despair. now



joy now joy repels now joy repels the venom



dart and con- quers con- quers every care



and con- quers every care. and conquers every care every

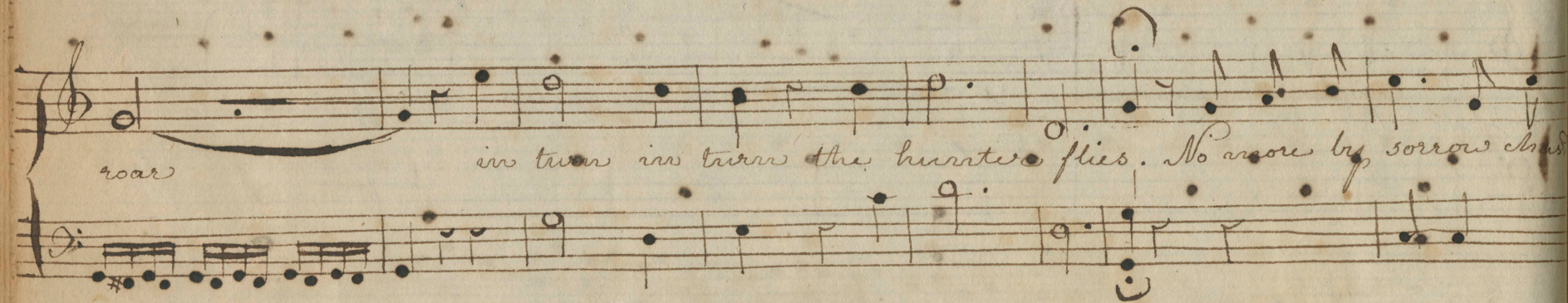
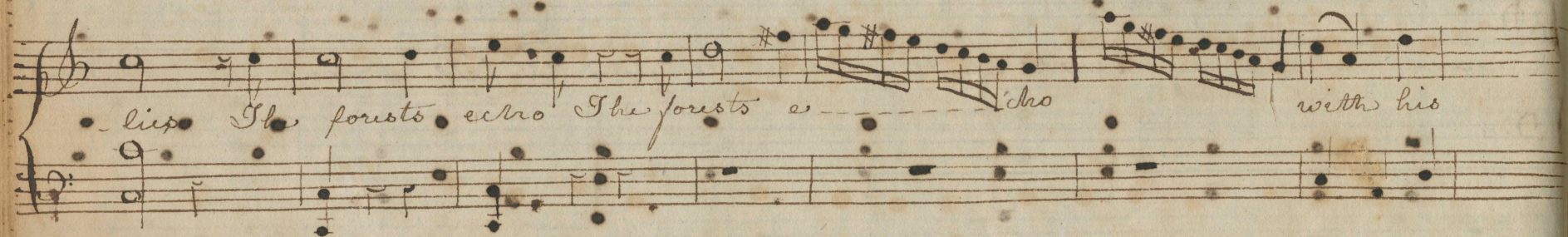
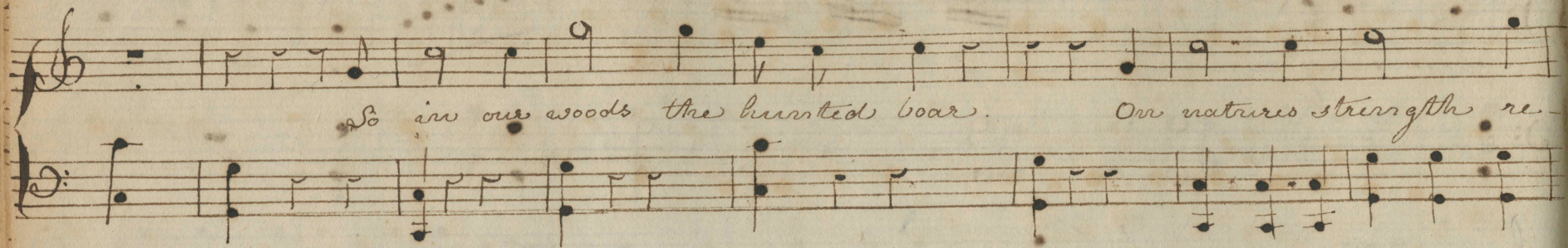


care every care - - - - - no more by

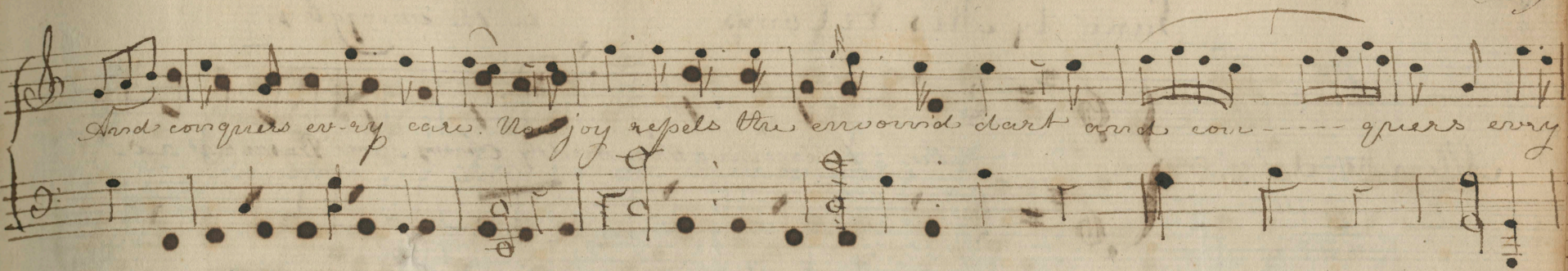
sorrow that my heart shall yield shall yield to full despair now

joy repels the ev'ning - our'd dart and conquers every care. now

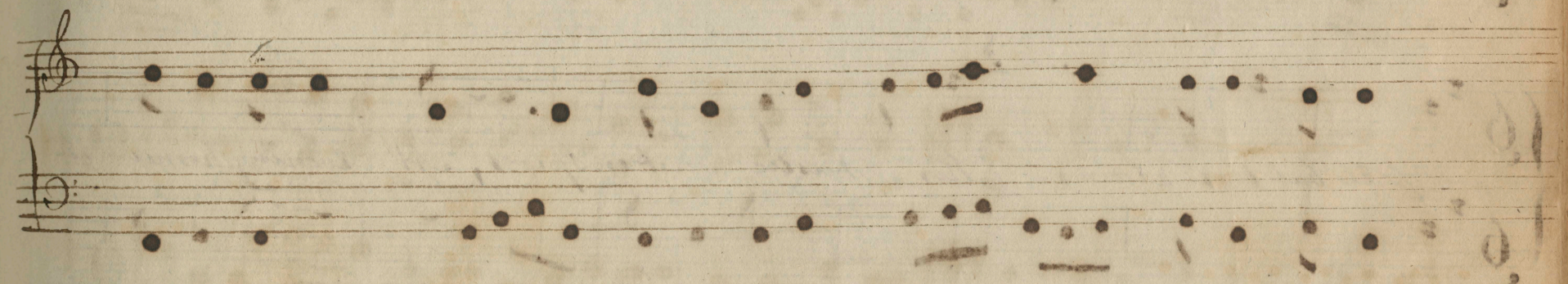
joy repels the ev'ning our'd dart and con - - - - - quers every care.



And conquers ev-ry care. No joy repels the envious heart and con- quers evry

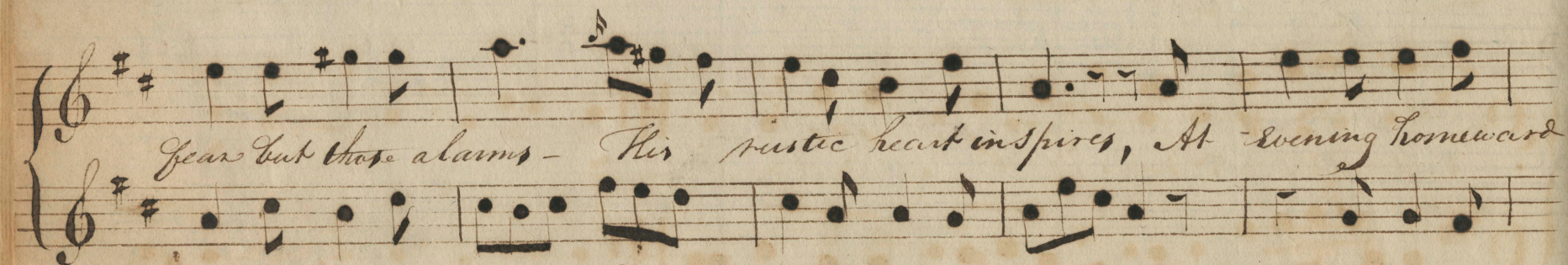
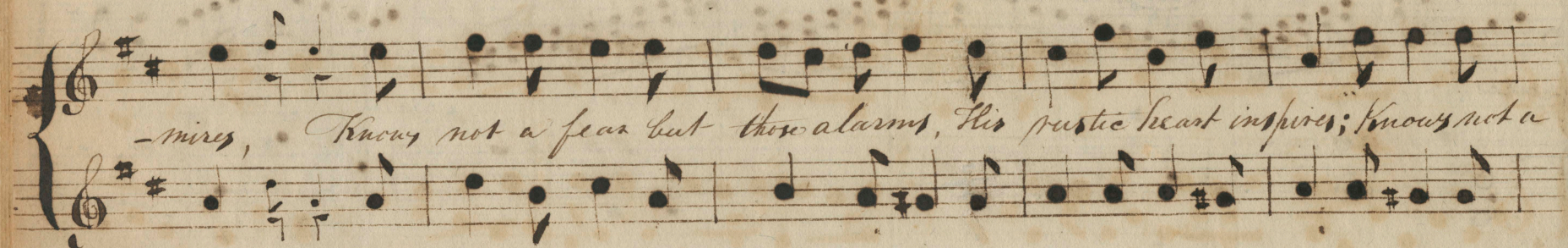


care



Sung by Miss De Camp

in the Smugglers.

Allegretto dolce

Mountain his pipe upon the Mountain listens to listens to

lis - - - - - tens to his pipe upon the

Mountain his pipe upon the Mountain

Sung by Mr. Johnstone in the Travellers in Switzerland.

Andante G major $\frac{2}{4}$

His Vows to Julia, lovely Maid, were all from passion free, What'er he

Look'd what'er he said, In Friendship 'twas for me! His Vow to Julia, lovely Maid, were

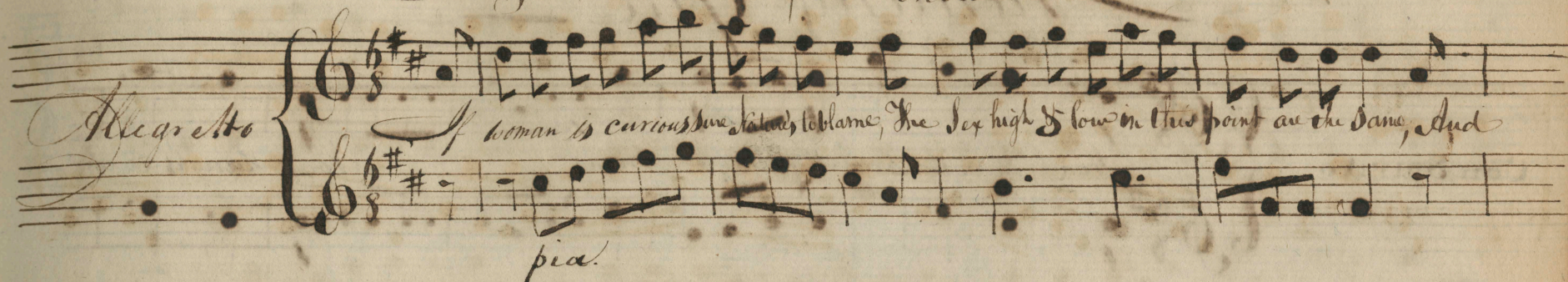
all from passion free, What'er he look'd what'er he said, In Friendship 'twas for

Me — In Friendship 'twas for me —

Long in the Adopted Child.


35

Allegretto



If woman is curious she is to blame, The sex high & low in this point are the same, And

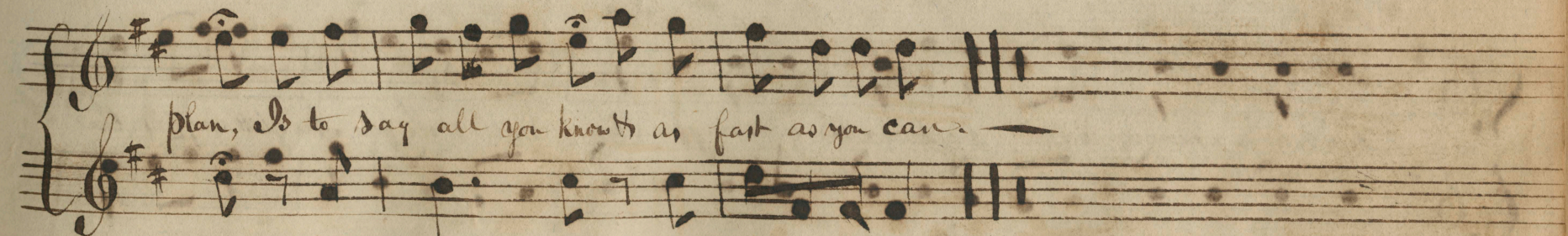
pia.



what at our Birth we inherit from her, Is her own blessed gift & no crime I aver, So if kept from our view any



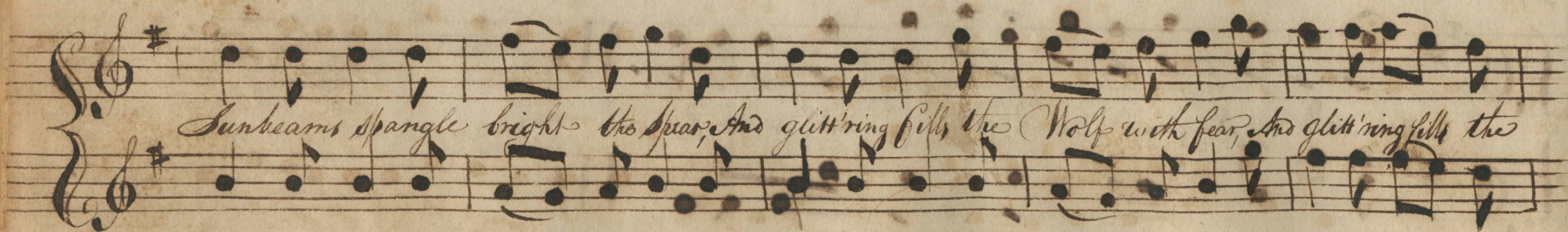
good thing or new, What wonder we put, and would fain find it out, I think to please Woman I'll tell you the

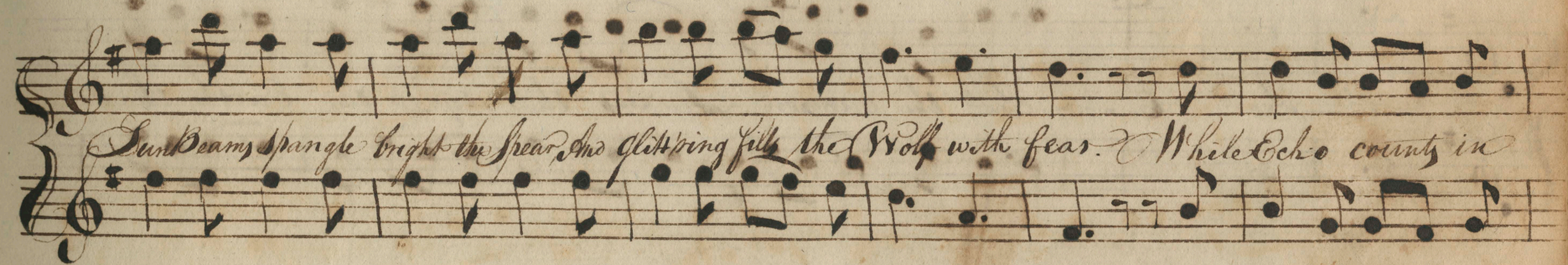
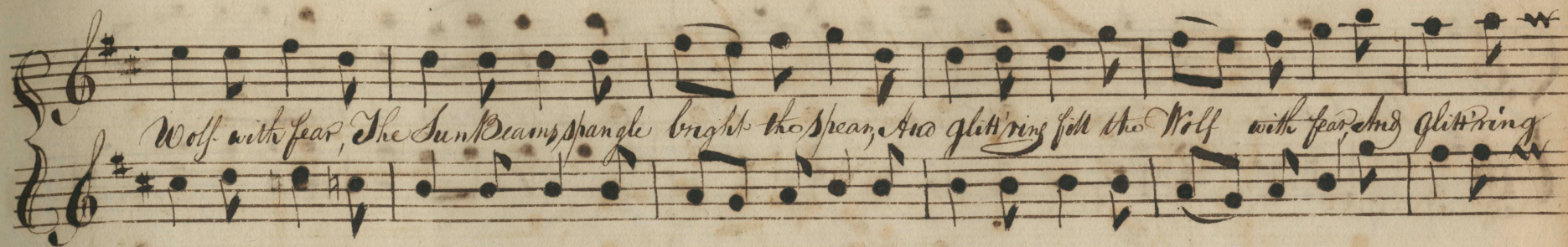


plan, Is to say all you know as fast as you can —

Hunting Glee —

Con Spirito





Handwritten musical score for the first system. The treble staff contains a melody with notes and rests. The bass staff contains a corresponding bass line. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

White Echo White Echo Counts in songs of Mirth

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The treble staff contains a melody with notes and rests. The bass staff contains a corresponding bass line. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

Echo Echo Echo Echo Counts in songs of Mirth White

Handwritten musical score for the third system. The treble staff contains a melody with notes and rests. The bass staff contains a corresponding bass line. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

E-cho E---cho the crimson Streams that dye the Earth, that

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. The treble staff contains a melody with notes and rests. The bass staff contains a corresponding bass line. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

dye, that dye the Earth, White Echo Counts in songs of Mirth the crimson Streams that dye the

Earth While Echo counts in Song of Mirth, The crimson streams that dye the Earth, that dye that

dye the Earth, that dye, that dye the Earth.

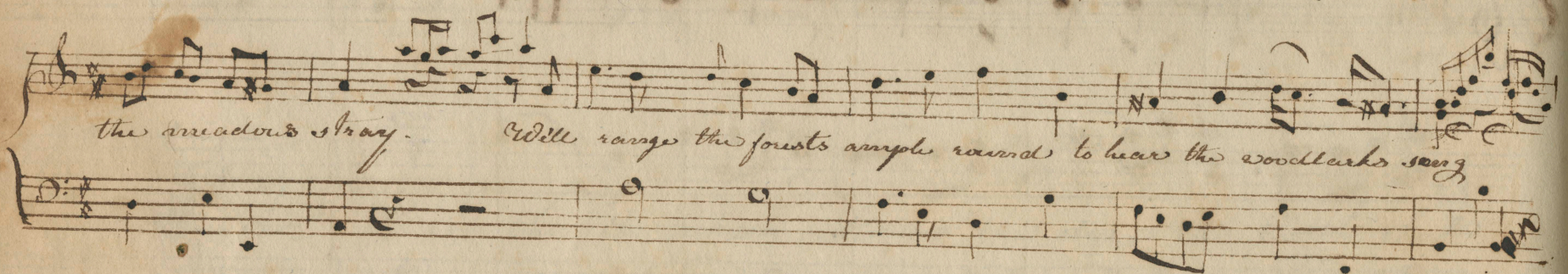
A Favorite Pastoral.



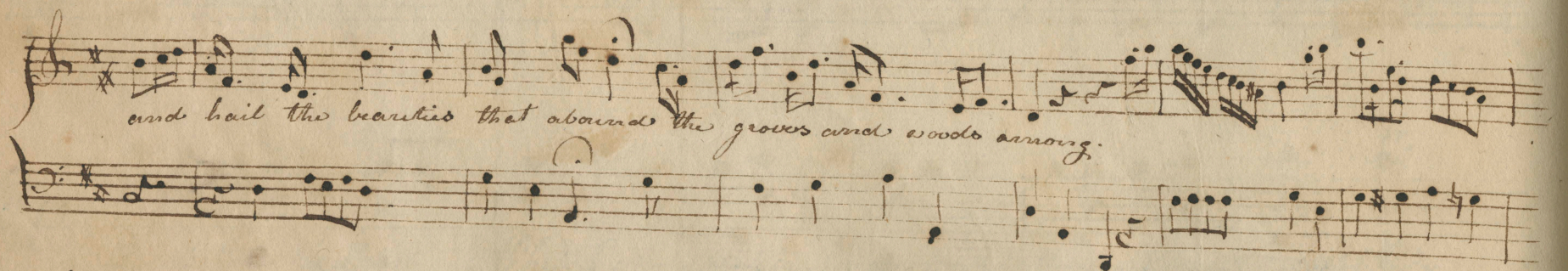
When o'er the mountain peaks



the dawn drest with a kindly ray. I'll wake my love to rise the lawns or in



the meadows stray. Will range the forests ample round to hear the woodlarks sing



and hail the beauties that abound the groves and woods among.

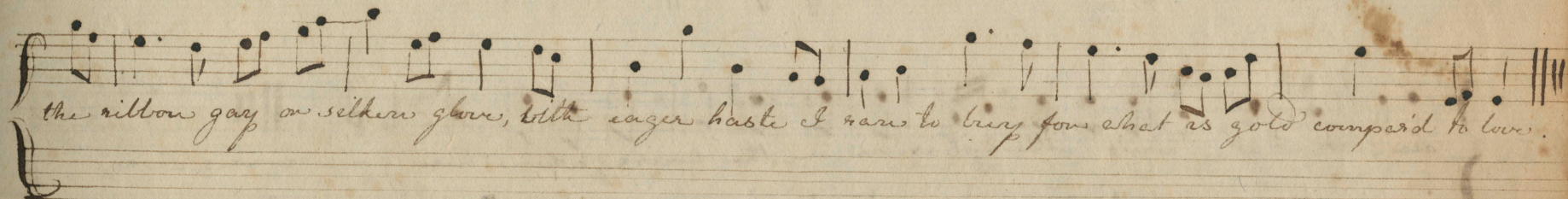
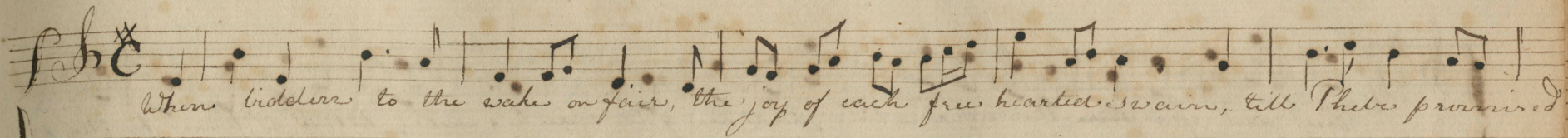


When on the surface of the glade
Bright Cynthia's beams prevail,
Will sit beneath the woodbine shade
And tell some pleasing tale.

To the soft Zephyrs all around
Attune the pleasing song,
And hail the beauties that abound
The groves and woods among.

Wake or Fair.

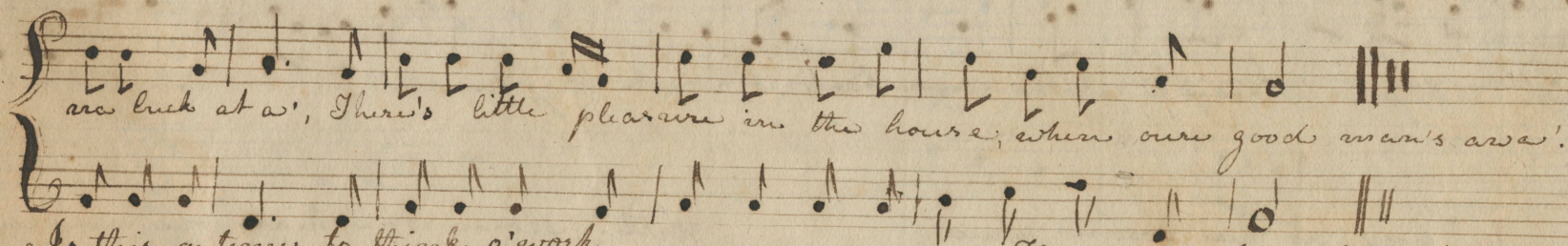
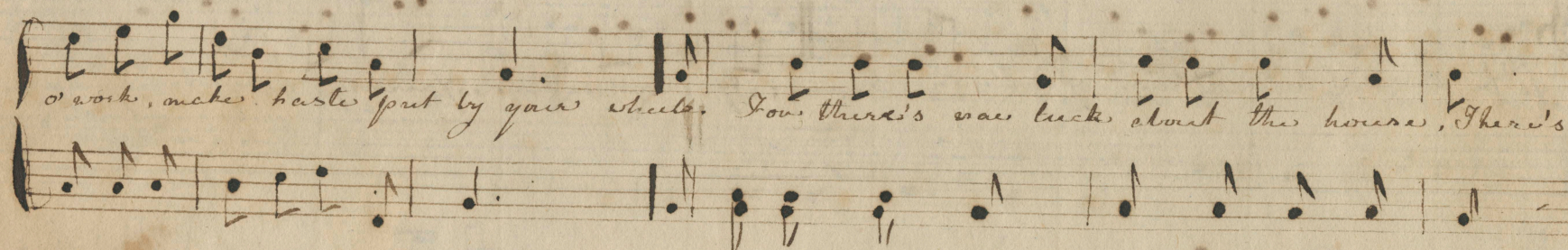
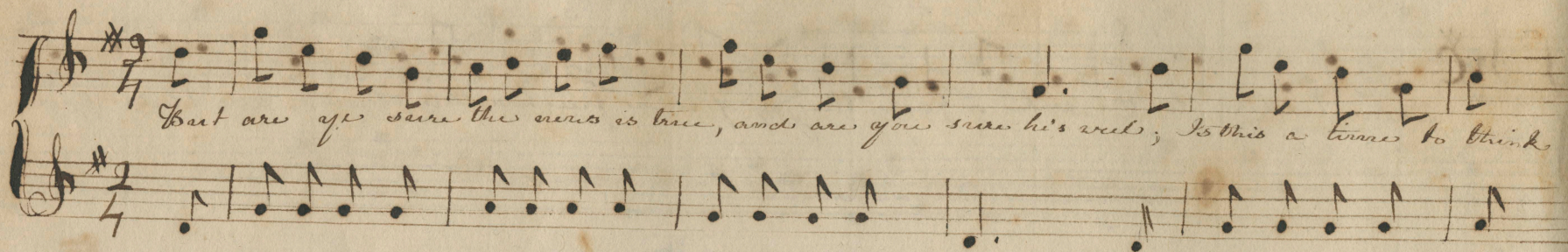
41



My posy on her bosom plac'd,
 Could I harrp sweeter secrets exhale,
 Her autumn locks my ribbon grac'd,
 And flutter'd in the warbling gale;

With scorn she heave me now complac'd
 Nor can any rustic presents move;
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,
 And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

Nae luck about the house.



Is this a time to think o' work,
 When Colin's at the door,
 Gie' me my cloak I'll go to the key,
 And see him come ashore
 Fire up and make a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle pot,
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And gock his Sunday's coat.
 Now Mak' their shoon as black as sloes,
 Their stockings white as snaw;
 It's a' to please our own good men,
 It's like to see them braw

There are two hours into the crib,
 Have fed this month and more
 Mak' haste and throw their muck about
 That Colin and may far.

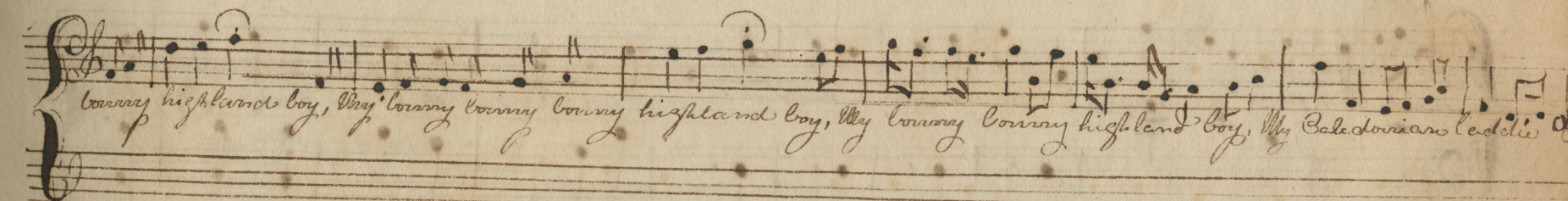
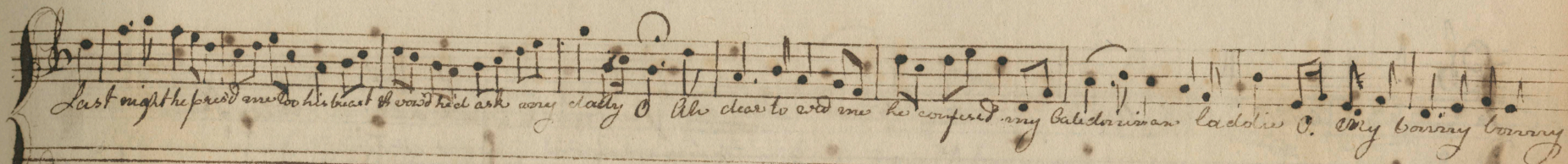
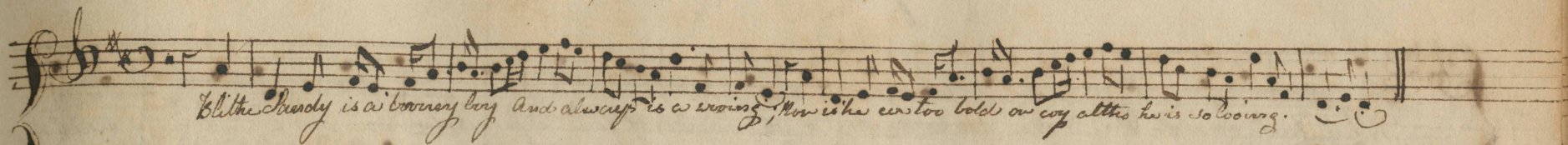
Bring down to me my bigonet
 My bishop sat in power
 And then gae tell the Galies aye
 That Colin's come to town.

So sweet his voice see smooth his tongue
 His breath's like carter's air;
 His very tread has answer aint
 As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the joy
 For brother I'm like to greet

The Caledonian Laddie -

43



The lasses try both far and near,
To win young Sunday over,
But all their arts I dinna fear,
He never will prove a rover.
But late he told me frank and free,
Unknown to me or Lady B.
He'd marry me ah! none but me,
My Caledonian Laddie O.

The other day from Dundee fair,
He brö't me home a bonnet;
A cap and ribbons for my hair,
But wae what soon came on it:
For as at Kirk we lately rode,
In spite of them and Lady O
He married me, so all's cou'd,
My Caledonian Laddie O.

Crazy Jane—

Why fair maid in every feature, are such signs of fear express'd; Can a wandering wretched

creature, With such terror fill thy breast. Do my frenzied looks alarm thee, Trust me

sure thy fears are vain, Not for kingdoms would I harm thee, Turn not thou poor crazy Jane

Poor crazy Jane. Poor crazy Jane. Not for kingdoms would I harm thee, Turn not thou poor crazy Jane.

Lost thou weeps to see my anguish,
Mark me and avoid my woe.

Thou even flatter sight and language,
Think them false, I've found them so:
For I lov'd, oh! how sincerely!

Now could ever love again,
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of crazy Jane.

Gently my young heart receiv'd him
Which was doom'd to love but one.

He sigh'd, he wept, and I believ'd him
He was false, and I was doom'd.

Since that time has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain,
Henry fled with him forever
And the wits of crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
And with phrenagied looks be

On that spot where last we part
On that spot where first we met

There I sing my love's love, ditty
There I surely pass the day
While each passer by in pity
Cries, God help the Crazy Jane

The Starling.

A beauteous Starling late I saw, on lovely Celia's hand; So quick its flight a-
round its leg, She tied a silken band: Tho' oft he spreads his silken wings, confine-
ment is his lot; In vain he flutters to be gone, And can't untie the knot!

The bird at length consented grow,
While Celia strokes his plumes.
Ere his little crest and soon,
His former notes resume:
Draw what he'd hear the fair one say,
These words by rote he'd got;
And oft repeated every day,
"You can't untie the knot."

One evening youthful Damon sat,
With Celia by his side,
Her words away from, at length he said,
Tomorrow be my bride:
Her blushes in his favour rose,
Yet she consented not;
Now ere she spoke the Starling cried,
"You can't untie the knot."

The Lady's Diary.

49

Letur'd by Pa and Ma over night, Monday at ten, quite vex'd and jealous, resolv'd in future to be

right, and never listen, never listen, and never listen to the fellows. Sketch'd half a wristband, read

the text, received a note from Missus Blackit, I hate that woman - she sat next, all church time, to sweet

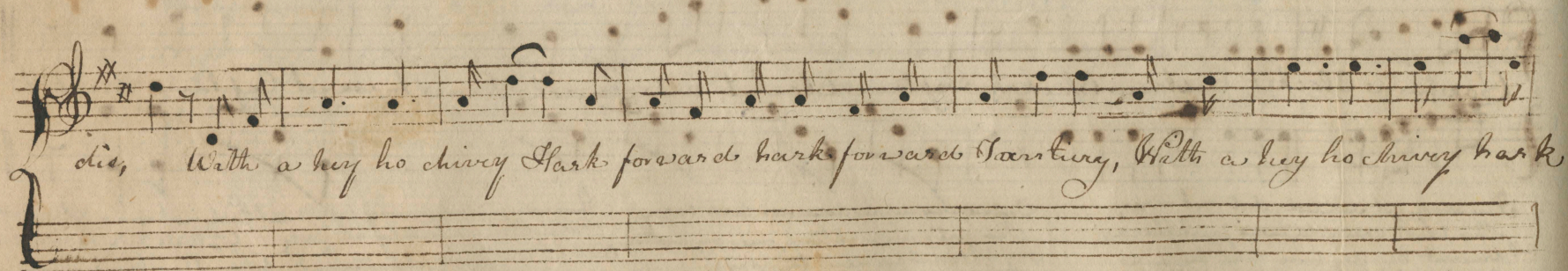
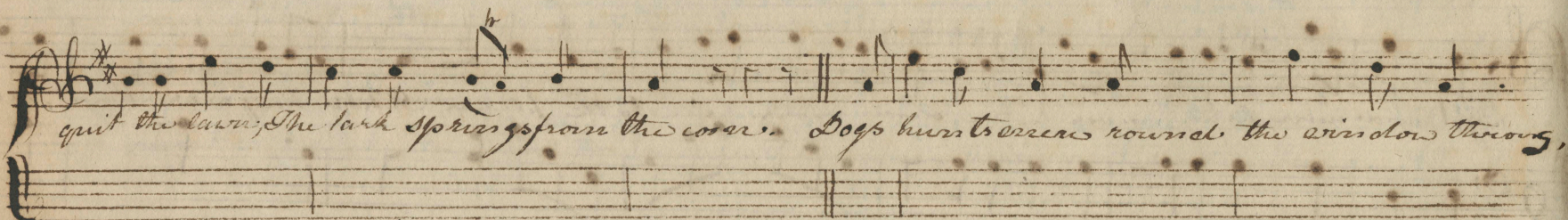
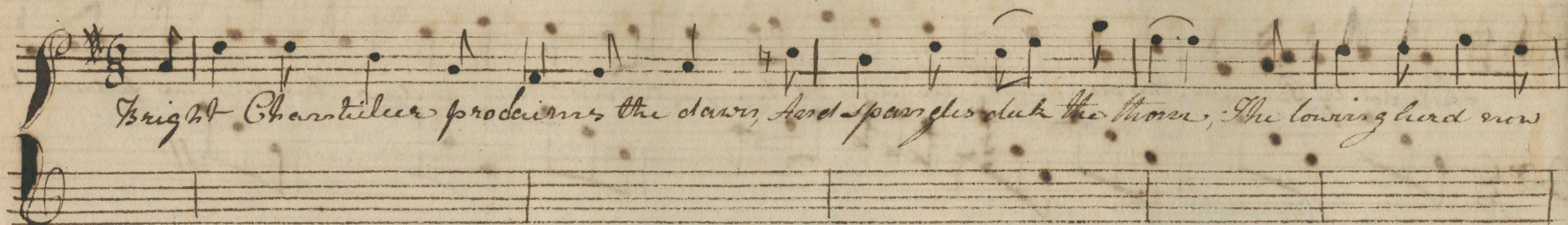
Captain Blackit, Captain Blackit, Captain Blackit, All church time to sweet Captain Blackit

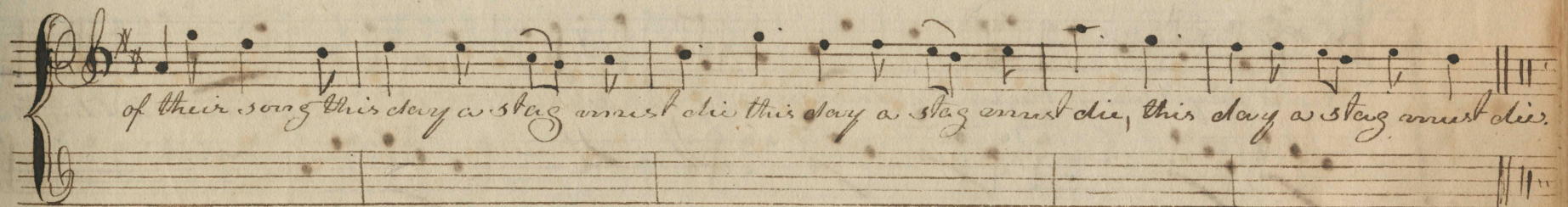
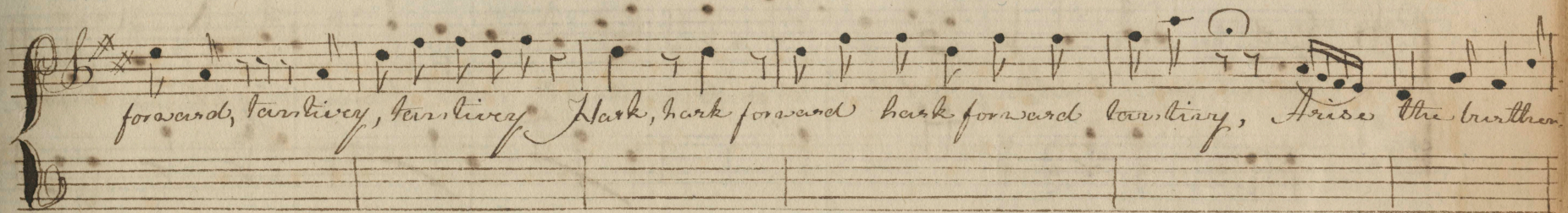
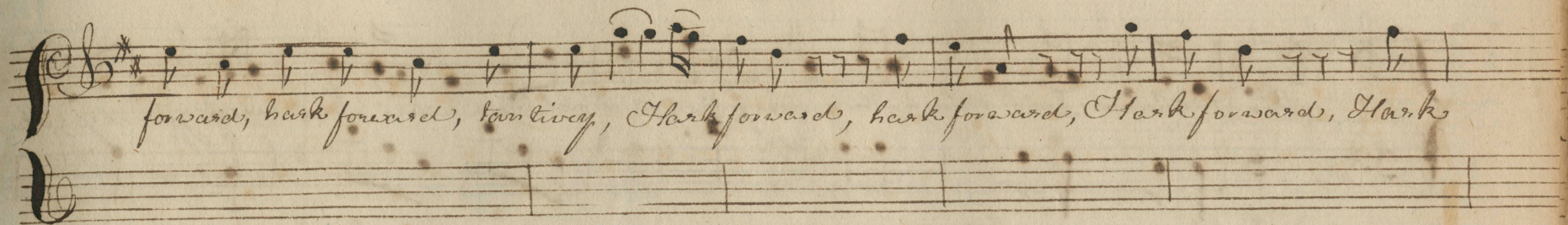
Tuesday, got scolded, did not care,
The text was cold, was part church,
I learnt the Captains thro the air
On Captains wings love me to heaven.
Parted, and divid' dropt look'd down,
Made us evers got the to back it.
Went to the play what joy was mine!
Talk'd loud and sang with Capt Blackit.

Wednesday came down, no lack today,
The girls quite at ten, and my brother,
Glad Blackit I recollect the day
Then, dearer, then went back another.
Wanted dress as last week, Shanda play
Saw the paper read that sister Blackit.
Gretton green had ran away
The forward mix with Captain C.

Thursday fell sick, poor soul, still did! Early met me in a room, came,
Two doctors came with leg third feet,
Each felt my pulse, all met and did. At five I had been to blame,
The Captain's breath brought a new
Friday, cross over, cry'd my pain, Sunday for fear of a new day,
Our day was fair, he as a do not black it. Of a psalm I made a part
Thurs day, complaint here? in my brain. Saturday evening, Stephen's
What shall I give you? Captain Blackit. I ran away with C. Blackit

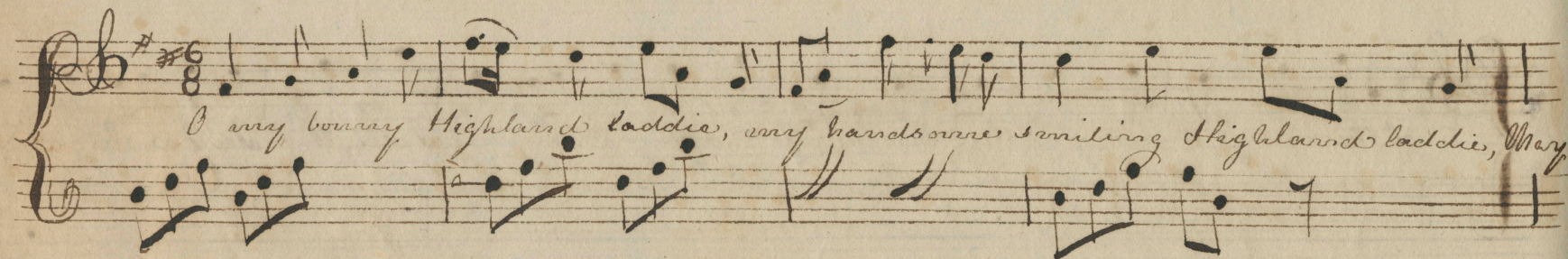
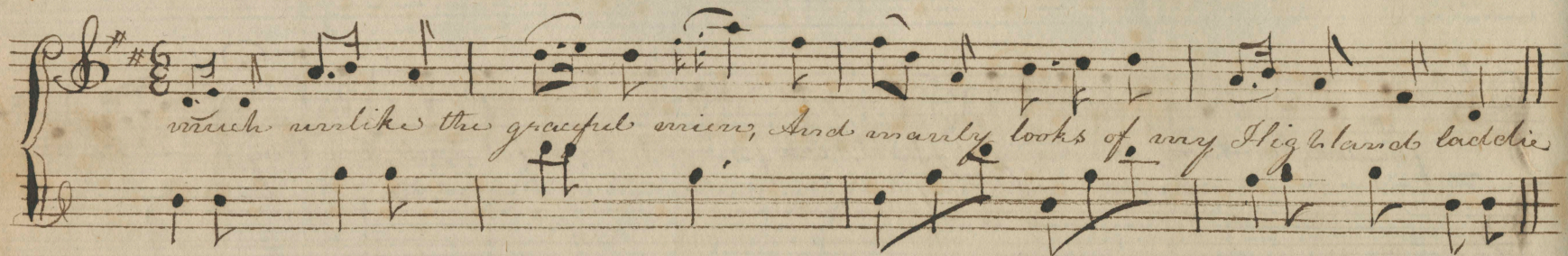
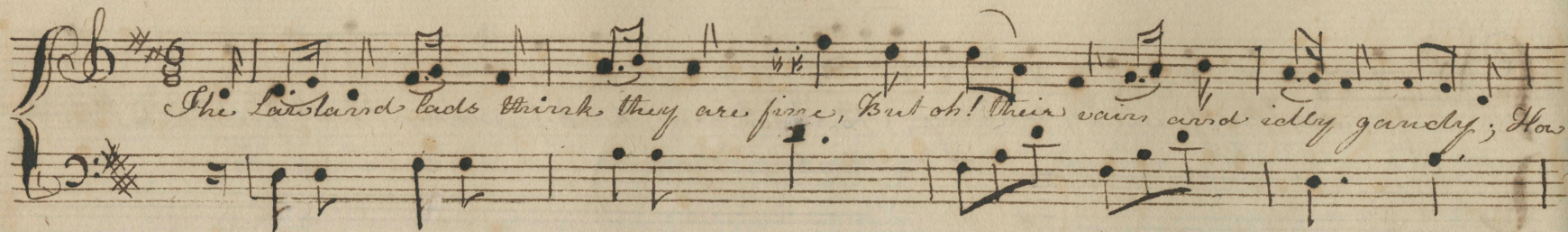
Old Fowler





The corchial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs scurry up the gale.
 The upland labors they sweep along,
 O'er fields thro' brakes they fly,
 The game is now'd too true the song,
 This day a stag must die —

The Highland Laddie

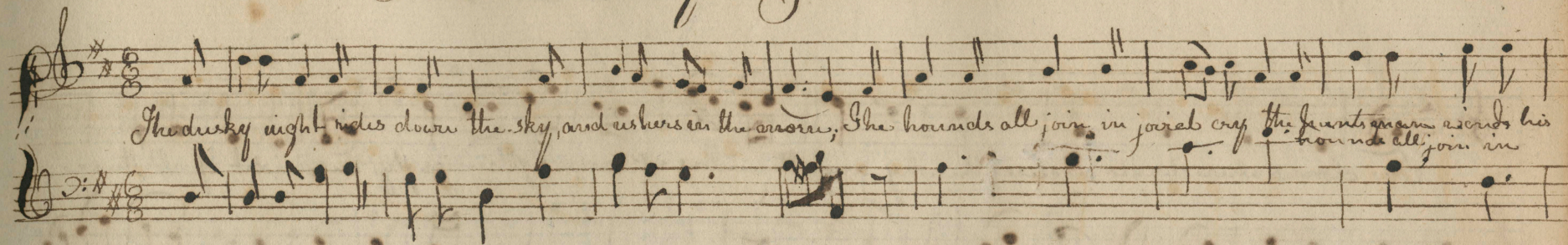


If I were at free will to choose,
To be the wildest Laddie laddie,
I'd take young Donald without treas,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidie.
The bravest bear in borrow's town,
For a' his ails, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him his but a clown,
He's finer her and tartan plaidie.

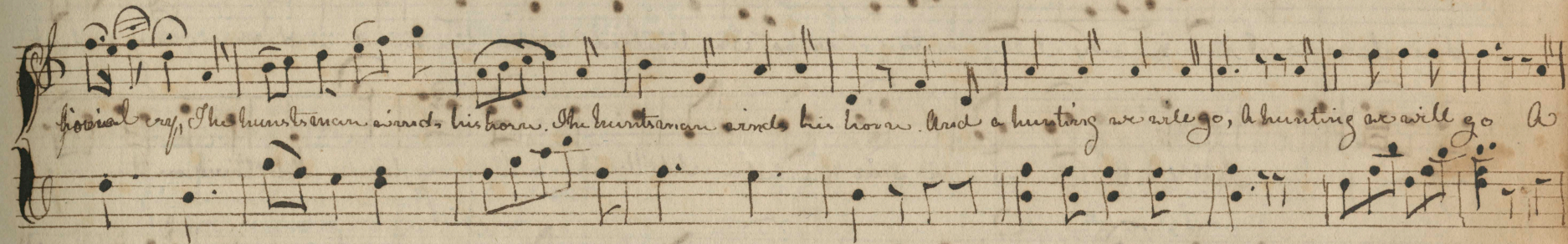
For bonny hill with hisrold run,
And have my Laddie laddie;
Iae winters cold and summer sun,
His screen are with his Tartan Plaidie.
Our greater joy, all ever pretend,
I have that his love prove true & steady,
I'll never be him, which ever shall end
While heaven preserve my Highland laddie.

The Dusky night

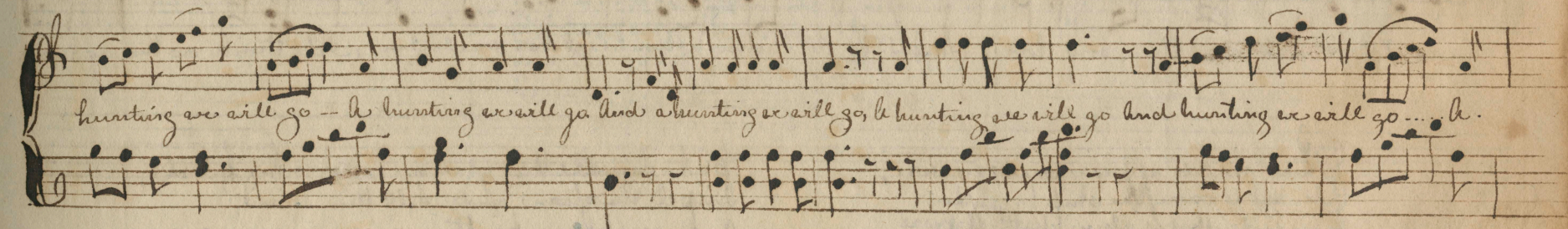
53



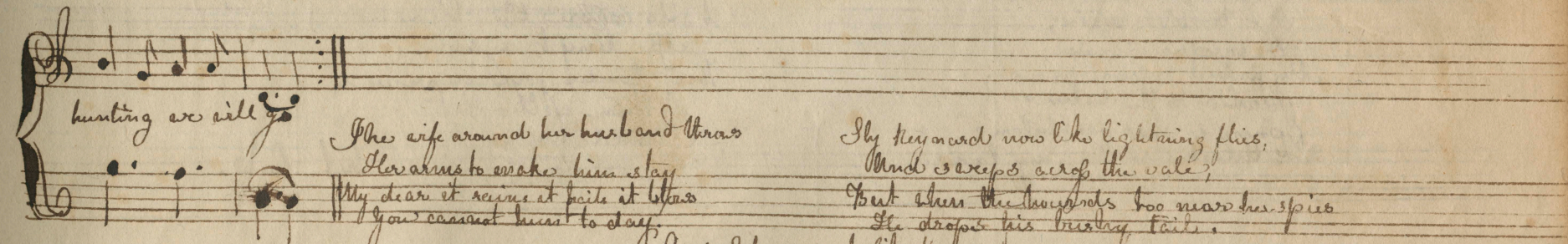
The dusky night rides down the sky, and usher in the morn, The horns all join in jovial cry, the huntsman sends his horns all join in



jovial cry, The huntsman sends his horn. The huntsman sends his horn. And a hunting we will go, a hunting we will go a



hunting we will go -- a hunting we will go and a hunting we will go, a hunting we will go and hunting we will go... h.



hunting we will go

The wife around her husband thras
Her arms to enchain him stay
My dear it rains at night it thas
You cannot hunt to day.

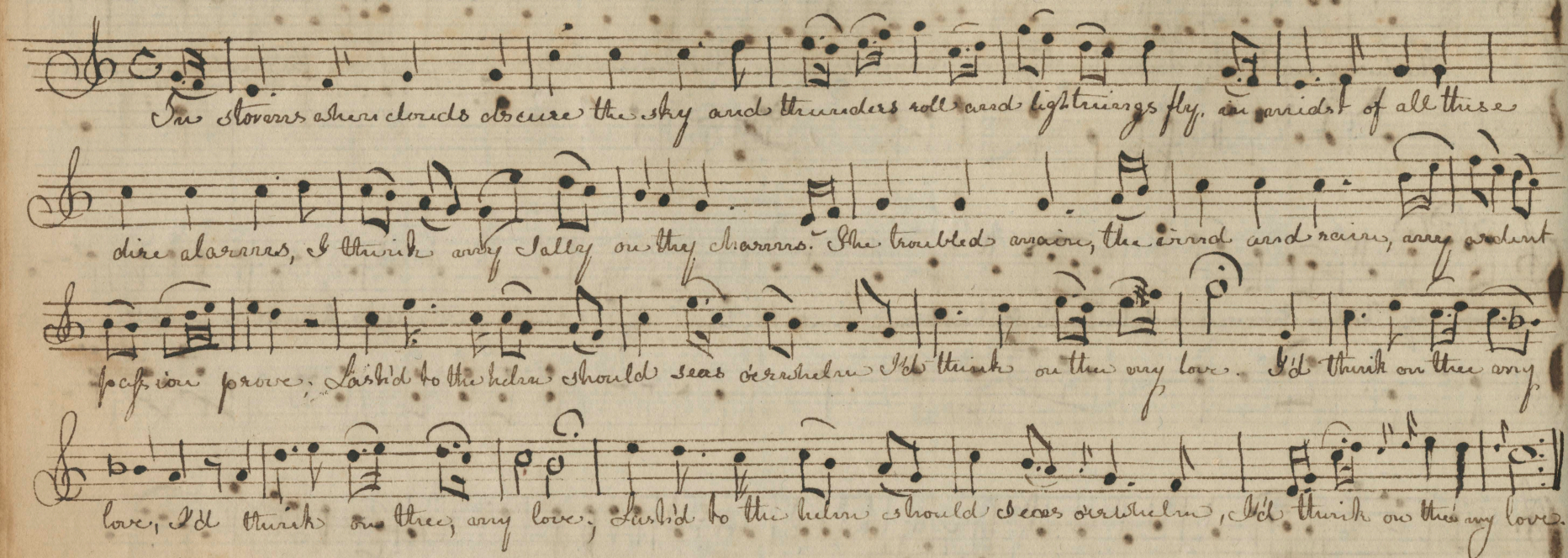
My Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale,
But where the hounds too near he spies
He drops his hunting tail.

Good Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry,
The woods and hills the sound retort,
And noise fills the sky.

At last his strength is faint, worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight,
Then hungry homeward he returns
To feast away the night.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chase,
Hie at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace.

Lash'd to the Helms.



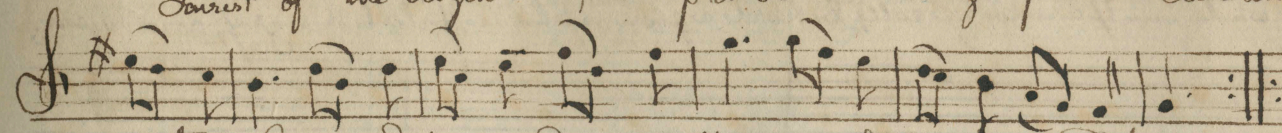
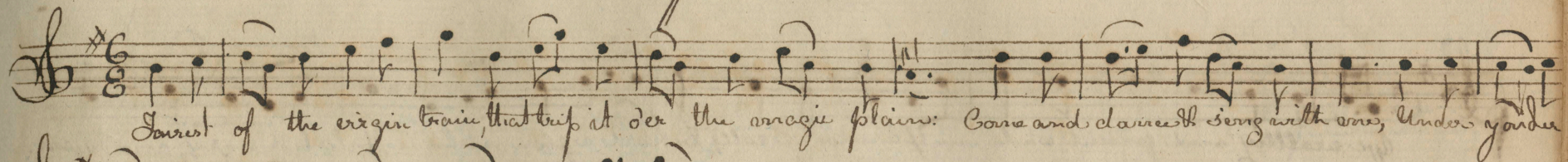
In storms when clouds obscure the sky and thunders roll and lightnings fly, in midst of all these
dire alarms, I think on thee, my Sally on thy charms. She troubled again, the wind and rain, my ardent
passion prove, Lash'd to the helm should seas overwhelm I'd think on thee my love. I'd think on thee my
love, I'd think on thee, my love, Lash'd to the helm should seas overwhelm, I'd think on thee my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thought of thee my bosom cheers:
She troubled again,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove,
Lash'd to the helm
Should seas overwhelm
I'd think on thee my love.

But should the generous power's big hands,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long lost actions home;
No more the waves
Shall tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee
Should happy be
And think me wrought but low.

The Fairy.

55

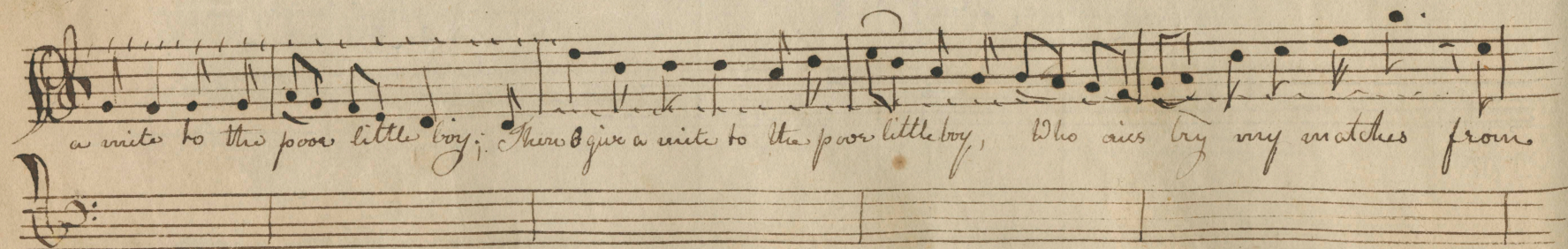
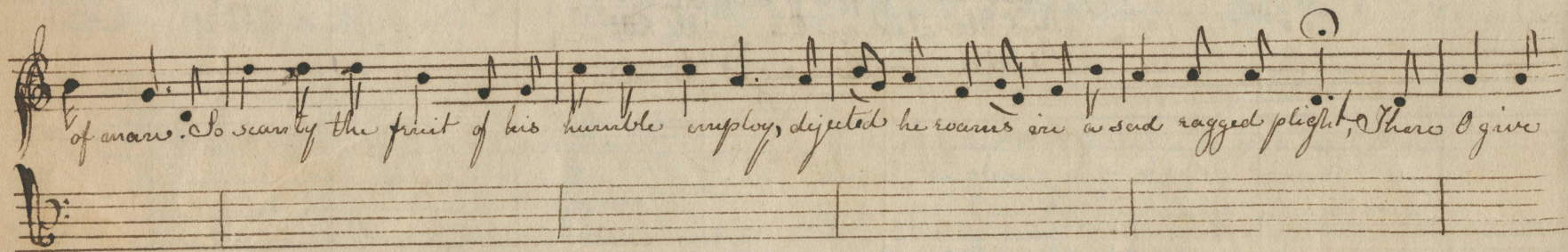
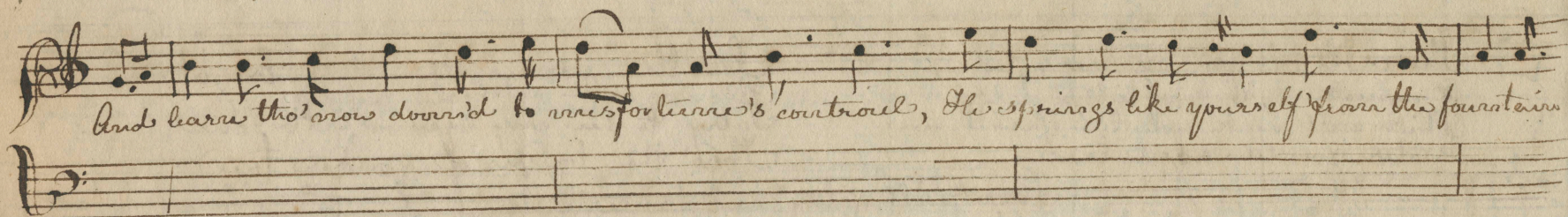
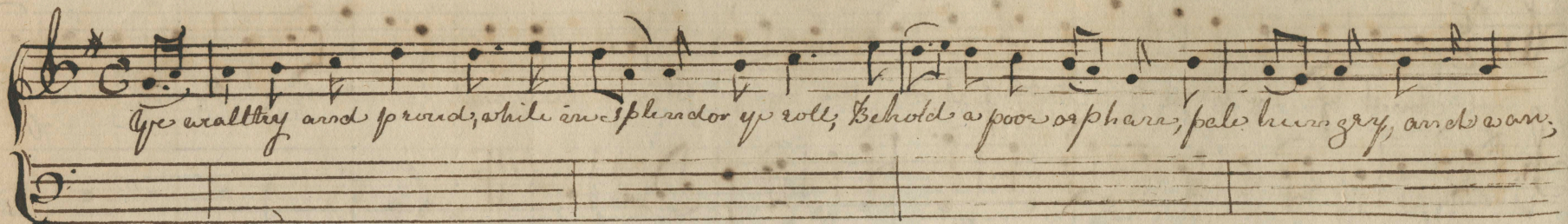


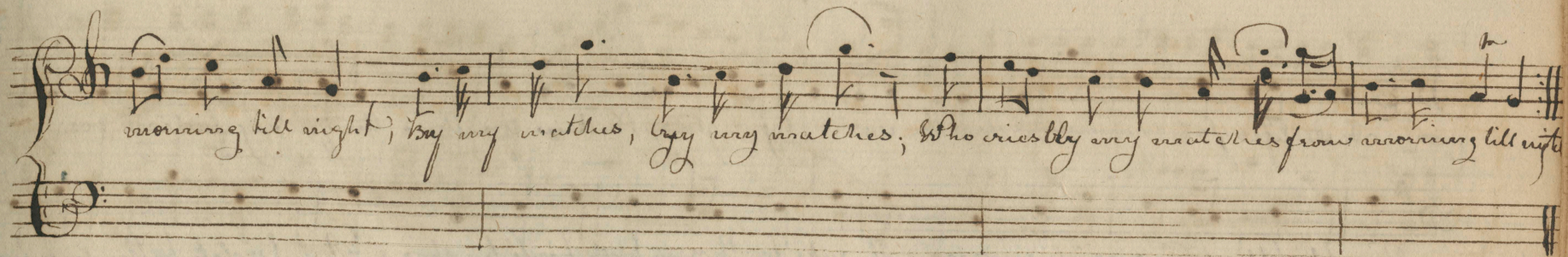
There I'll tell you many a tale,
Of mountains, rocks, of hills & dale,
Which will make you laugh with me
Under yonder aged tree.

See the groves all silver bright,
Shining with a tenfold light,
To try to see my green with me
Near the boughs of yonder tree.

There will play and dance & sing,
Celebrating our king,
And I'll always be with thee,
Under yonder aged tree.

The Watch boy.



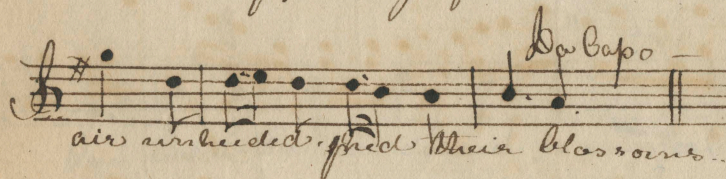
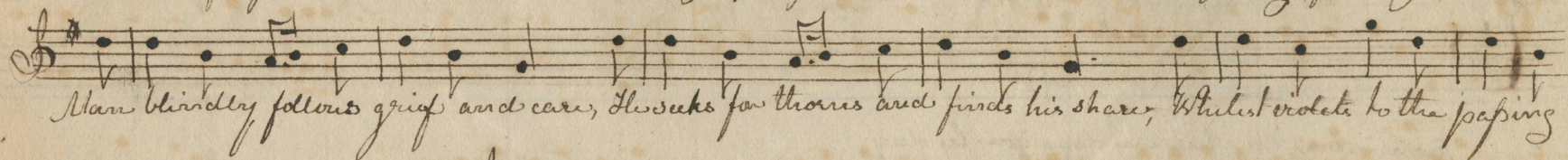


Remember, tho' turning days you by day,
 And passers your way try for pillars of down,
 Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,
 Obscuring your pleasures with poverty's frown,
 While apathy's flint and cold steel your heart's joy,
 The burden of feeling you never can light;
 Now I give a nite to the poor little boy,

Who cries buy my matches from morning till night.

And you ye proud fair of this ocean's gift land,
 With beauty external so gifted by fate,
 Whose smiles can enapture whose frowns can command,
 Proue also your mental endowments are great!
 The crumb of your table which lap dogs destroy,
 Might comfort our orphans, and yield him delight;
 Then I give a smile to the poor little boy,
 Who cries "buy my matches" from morning till night.

Taste Life's glad moments



When tempests wail her foam,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then Ah! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,
The same smiles forth at even.

How spleen and envy anxious flies,
And meek content in humble guise
Improves the share, & true shall rise,
Which golden fruits will yield him.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distressed,
There sweet contentment builds her nest,
And flutters round his bosom.

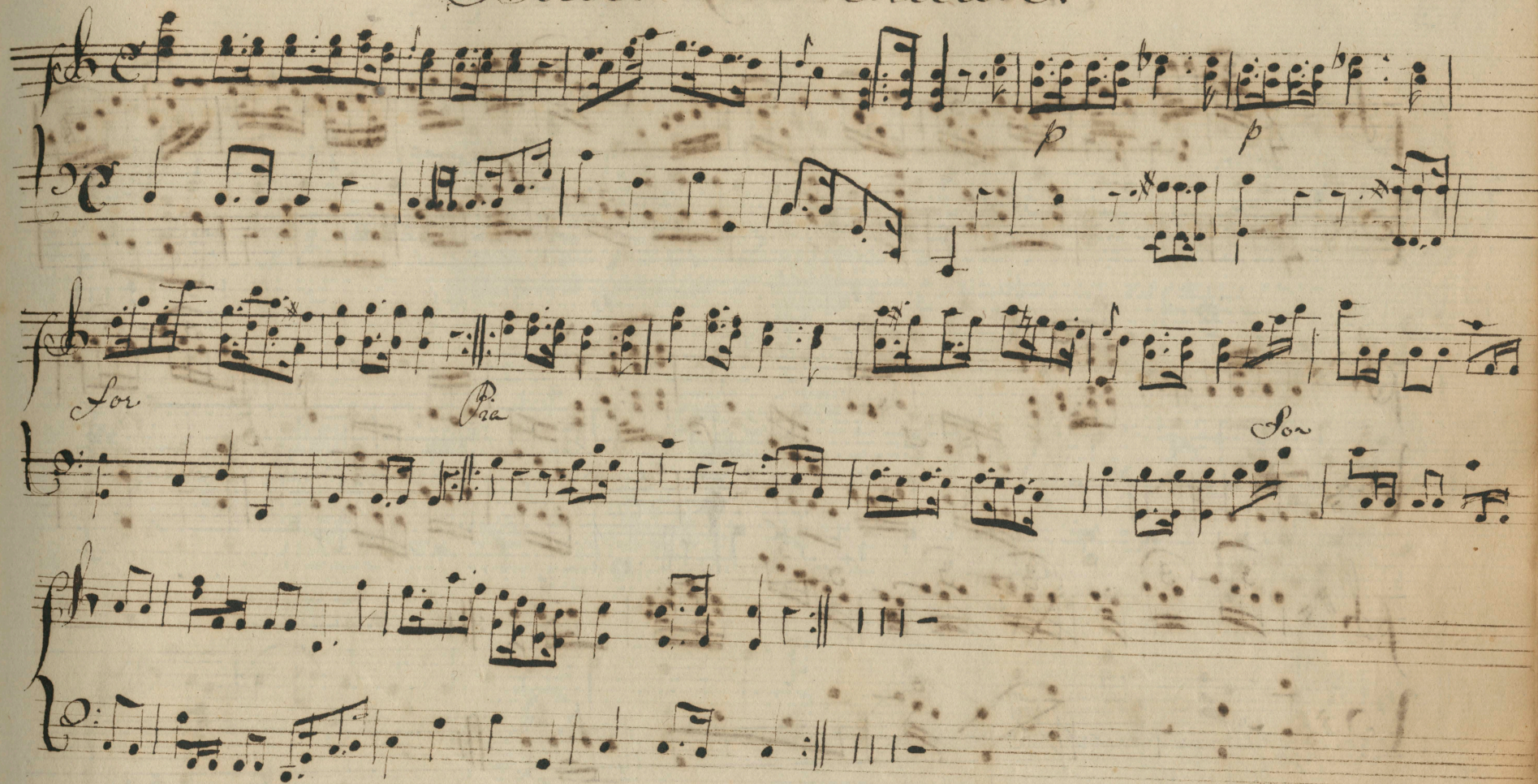
And when life's path grows dark and drear,
And pressing ill on its career,
Thine friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.

He dries his tears, she steers his way,
E'en to the grave with flowers gay.
Towers aight to morn and noon & day,
And pleasure still increases.

Of life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand,
Thus onward to a better land,
Man's journey light & cheery.

Burr's New March.

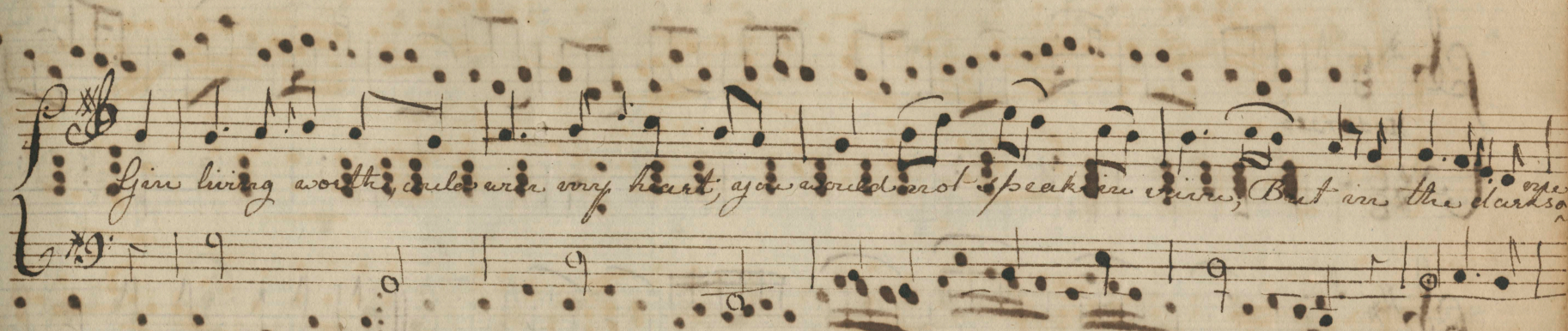
59



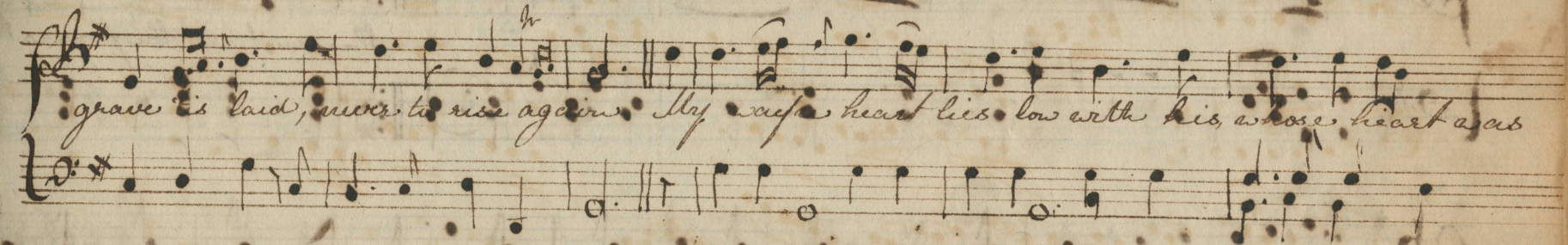
March in Rizarro.

My wafu heart.

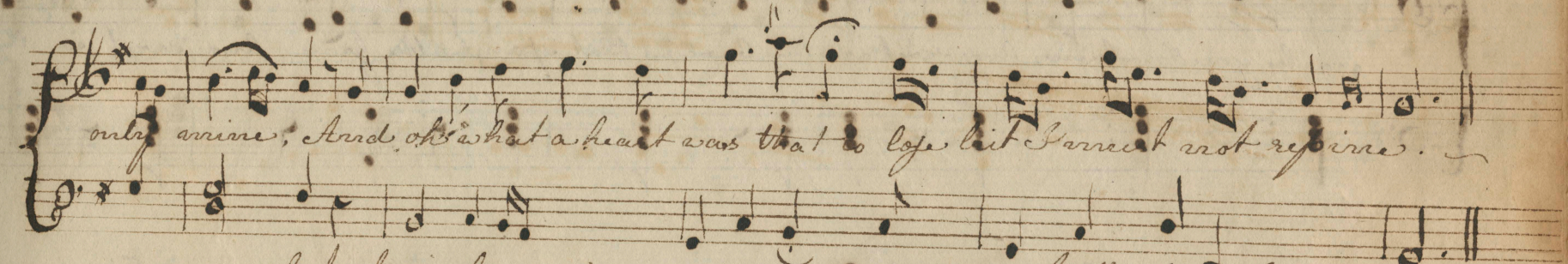
61



Gin living worth, evel with my heart, you would not speak in mine, But in the dark so



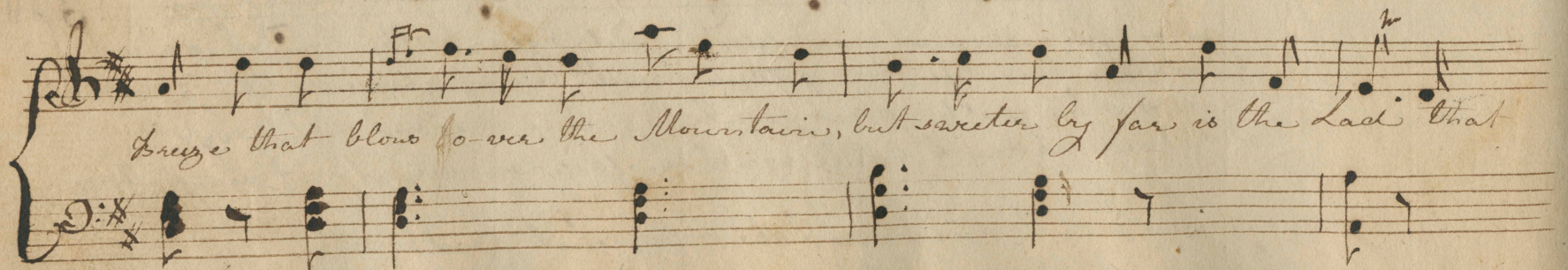
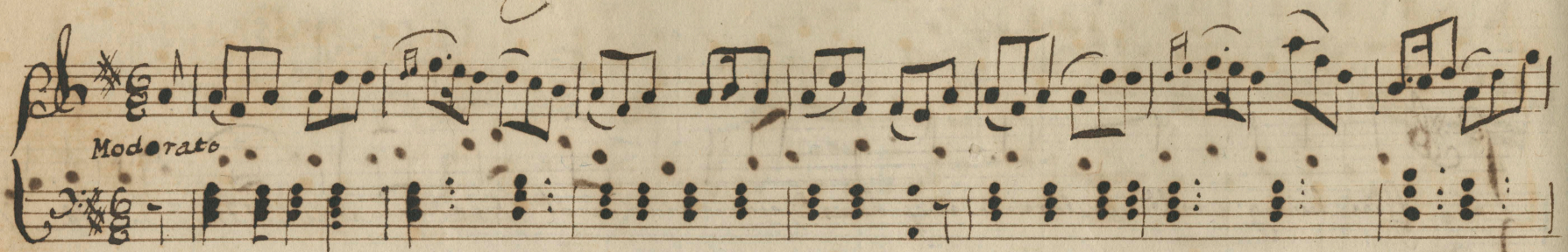
grave is laid, never to rise again. My wafu heart lies low with his, whose heart was



only amine, And oh what a heart was that to lose, but I cannot not repine.

Get oh gin heaven in mercy soon, would grant the boons I crave,
And take this life now sporting worth, send Tarnie's on the grave;
And see his gentle spirit comes, to guide me on my way,
Surprised no doubt I still am here, fair wondering at my stay.

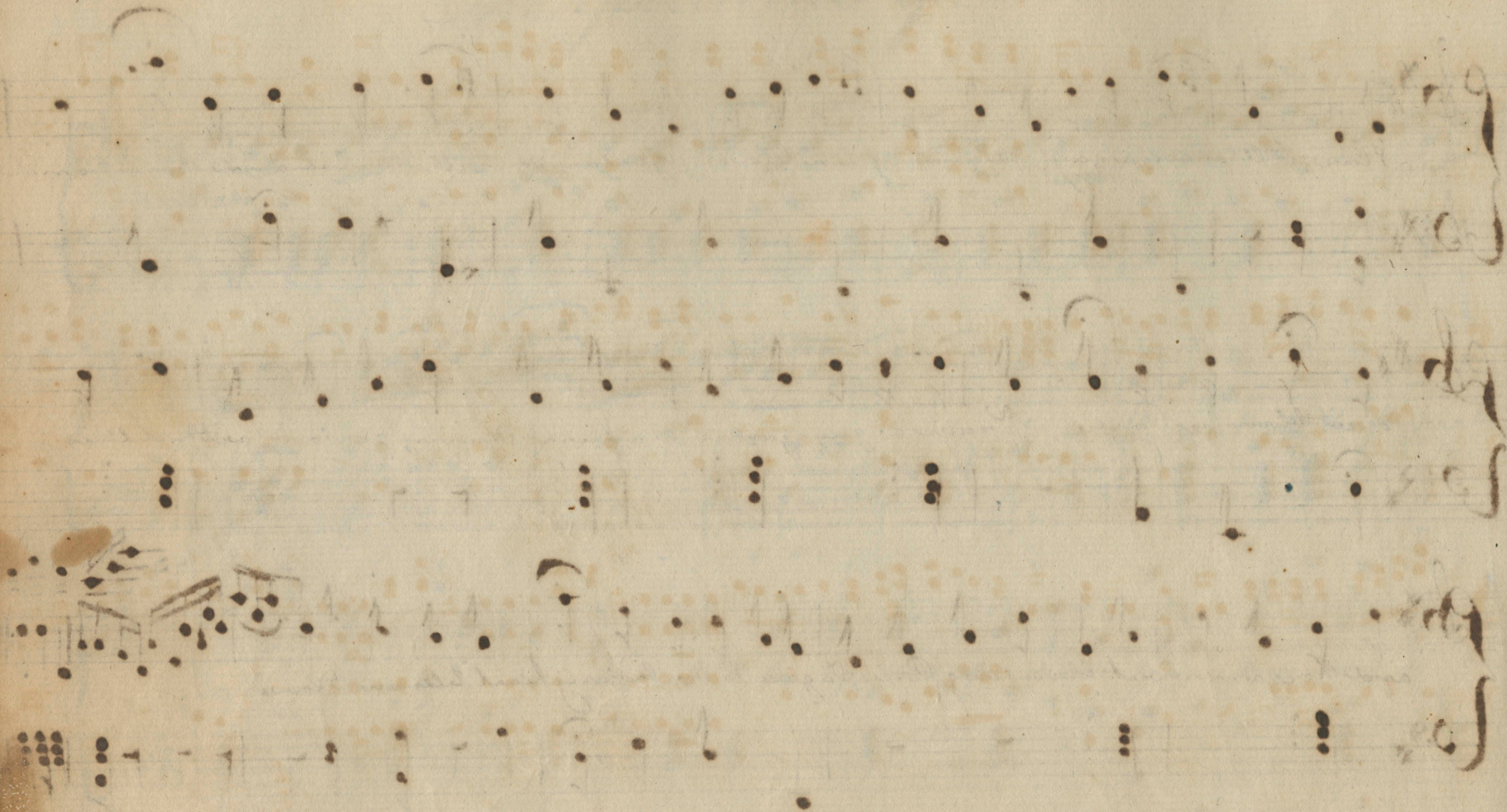
I come my Tarnie dear, I oh, with what good will,
I follow where so'er you lead, you cannot lead to ill.
She said! - & soon a badly pale her faded cheek passed
Her wafu heart forgot to beat, her sorrows sunk to rest.

The Garland of Love.

Now, I'll weave a gay garland a fresh blowing garland with lil-lies and roses and
 sweet blooming Posies, I weave a gay garland a fresh blowing garland with Lillies
 and roses and sweet blooming Posies, To give to the lady my heart tells me I love.

It was down in the vale where the sweet Gorge gliding,
 In murmuring stream ripples thro' the dark grove;
 I own'd what I felt all my passion confiding,
 To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.
 Then I'll weave a gay garland &c...

64p



Bonaparte's Grand March.

65

Handwritten musical score for "Bonaparte's Grand March." The score is written on three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, indicating a fast tempo. There are numerous handwritten annotations above and below the staves, including fingerings (1-5), slurs, and dynamic markings like "f" and "b". The paper is aged and shows some staining.



1
 Adeste fideles, caeli triumphantes
 Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
 Natus videte regem angelorum.
 Venite adoremus venite adoremus de dominum.

2
 Ergo qui natus, die hordioras,
 Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
 Patris eterni verbum caro factum.
 Venite adoremus dominum.

Canat nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
 Canat nunc aula coelestium.
 Gloria in excelsis Deo —
 Venite adoremus venite adoremus venite adoremus dominum.

Adeste Fideles.

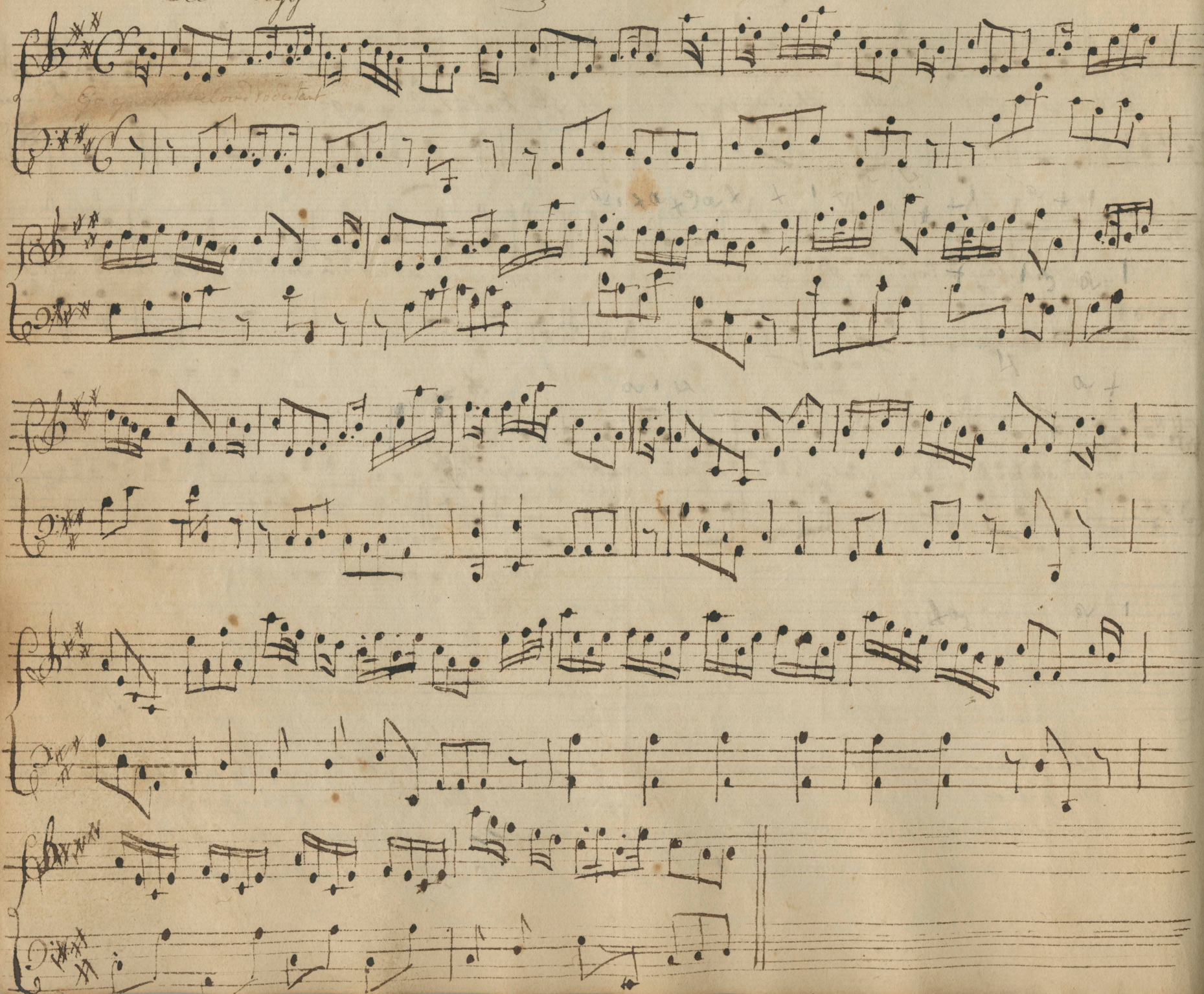
67

Hither ye faithful haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem go the Lord of Life to meet;

To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour. O come and let us worship; Oh! come and let us worship, Oh! come and let us worship at his feet.

Oh Jesus for such wondrous condescension Shout ^{his} almighty name ye choirs of angels
 Our praise and reverence are an offering meet; Let ~~the~~ celestial courts his praise repeat;
 Now is the word made flesh and dwells among us, Unto our God be glory in the highest;
 Oh come and let us worship at his feet. Oh come and let us worship at his feet.

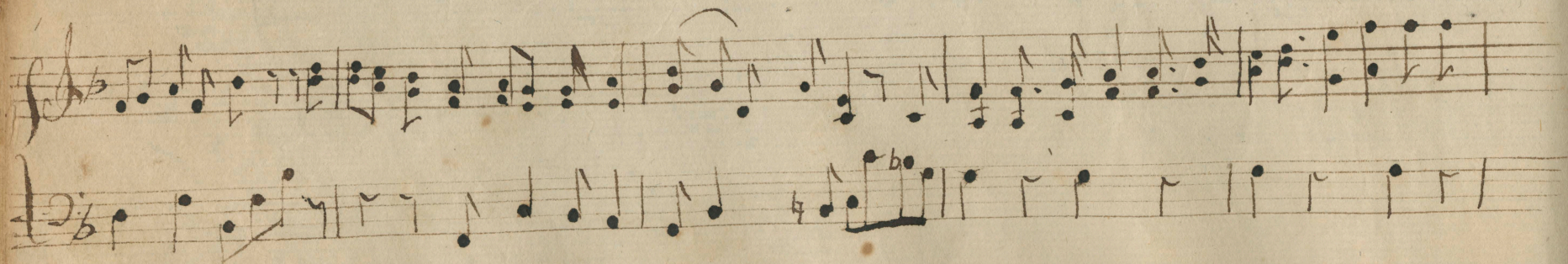
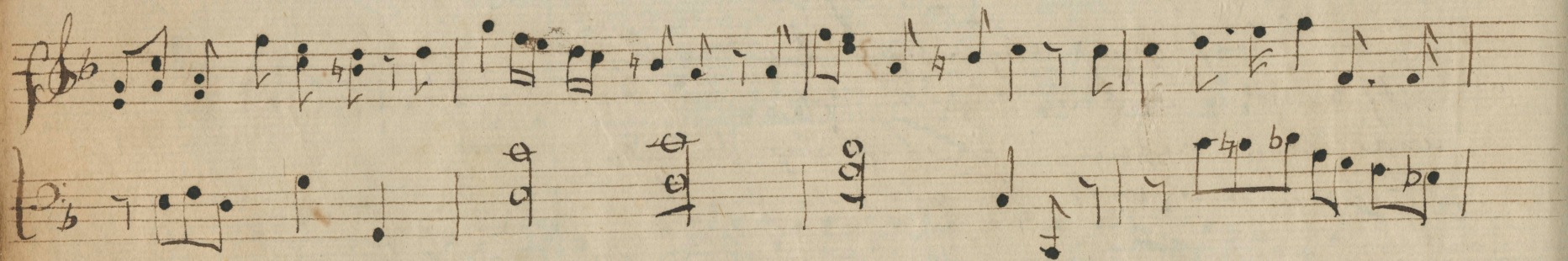
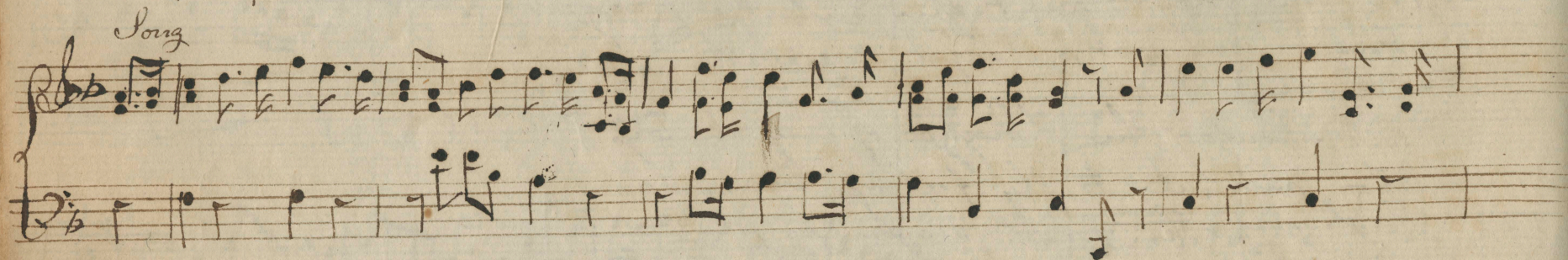
Lee Rigg with variations —

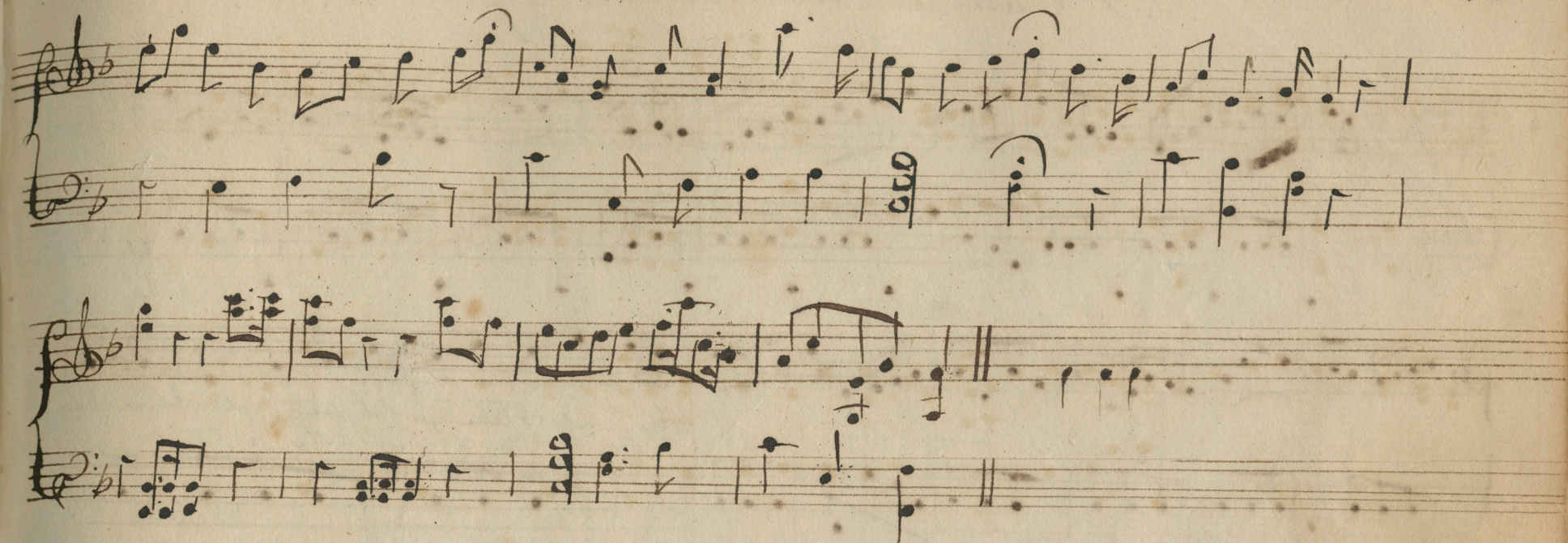


Go youths beloved to distant glades,
 Seek friends, new hopes, new joys to find,
 Yet sometimes ~~Wolfgang~~ ^{Wolfgang} ~~mid~~ ^{mid} fairer maid,
 To think of her thou leavest behind —
 Thy love, thy faith, dear youths to share,
 Must never be my happy lot.
 Yet thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
 Forget me not, Forget me not —

yet should the thoughts of my distress,
 Too painful to thy feelings be,
 Then not the wish I now express
 Nor ever deign to think of me —

But oh! if grief thy steps I attend,
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,
 And thou requir'st a soothing friend,
 Forget me not Forget me not.

The Wounded Hussar

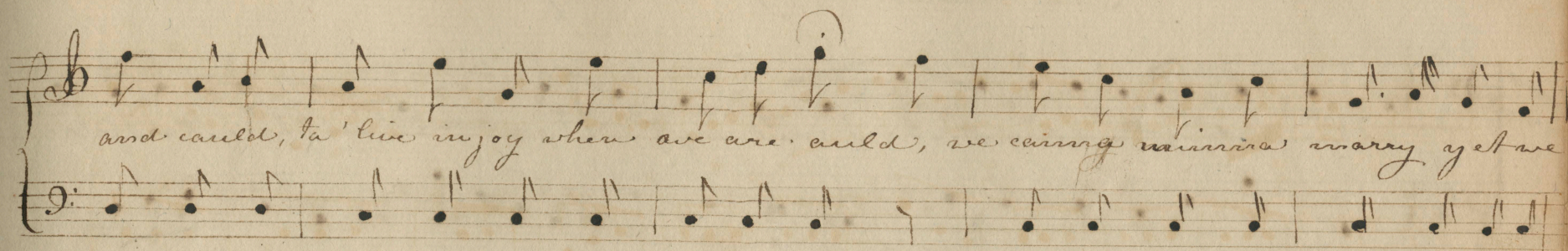


I Canna Muna Marry Yet.

The musical score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The notation is in a 19th-century style, featuring a treble and bass clef on each system. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the staves.

The lyrics are as follows:

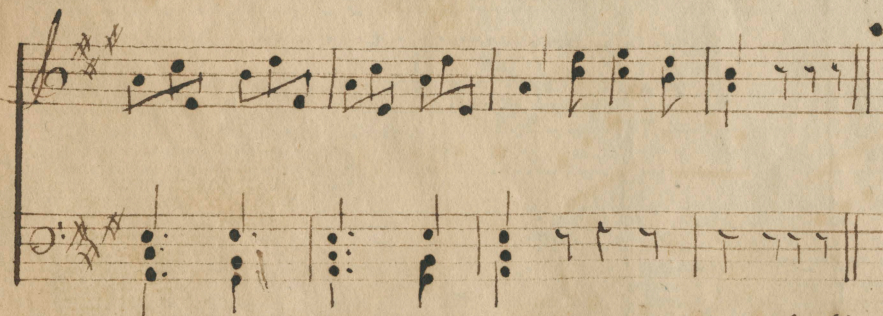
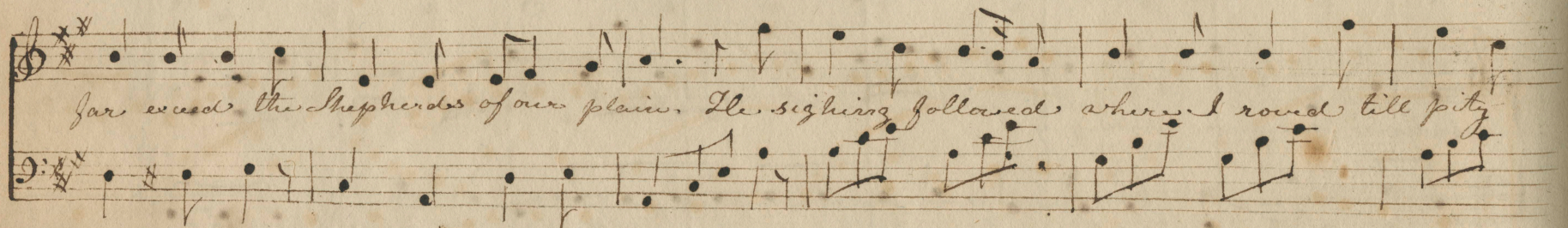
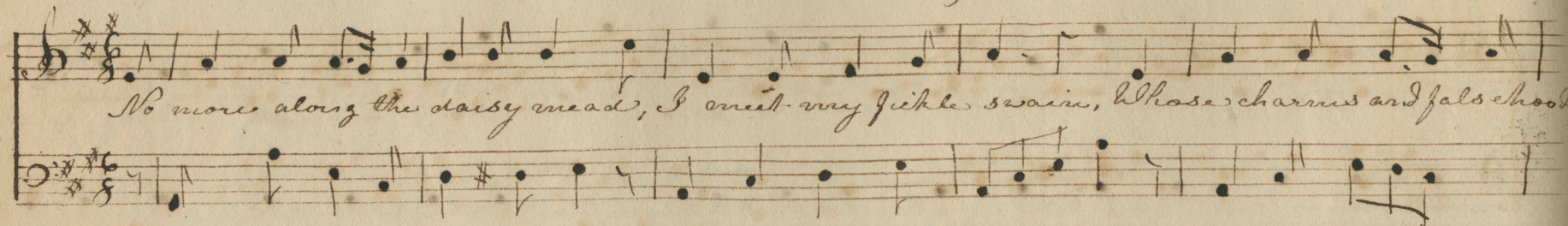
The weel I like ye Johnny last I Canna
 muna marry yet, your een can awake me blither and glad, yet aw while muna marry yet
 ye are but young and I'm not auld, the airtiey blast is sharp



A wedded life's oft dearly bought;
 I canna mairrins mairry yet;
 ye ha' but little I ha'e nought
 Sae we a while mairrins tarry yet.
 My heart's your own ye need nae fear
 but let us wait another year
 And love and toil and shapes up gear
 He canna mairrins mairry yet.

O stay a while my bonny lass
 I canna mairrins mairry yet,
 Our fortunes means our prospects bad
 Sae we a while mairrins tarry yet.
 When gear we've gain'd we'll love no more
 With truth and trust the virgins closer
 I'll never ever answer none
 I canna mairrins mairry yet.

No more along the daisy mead.

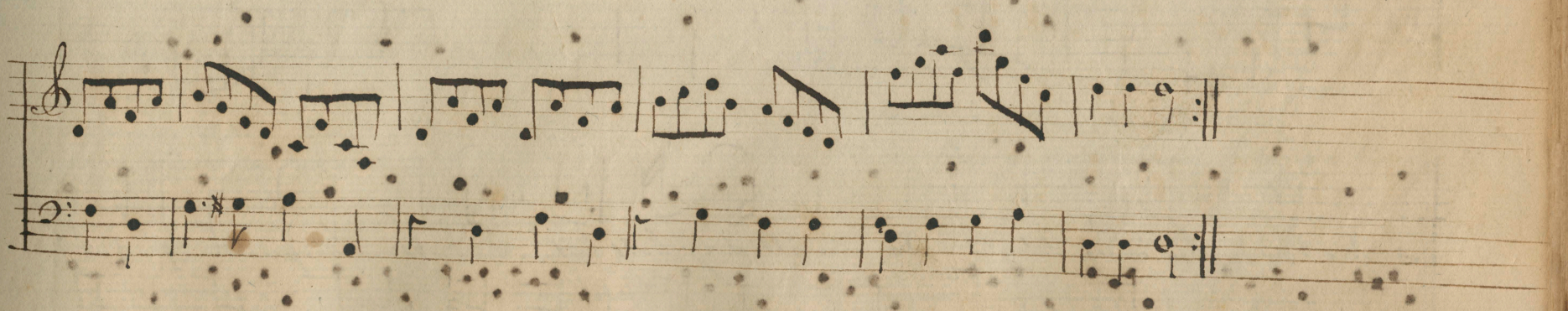
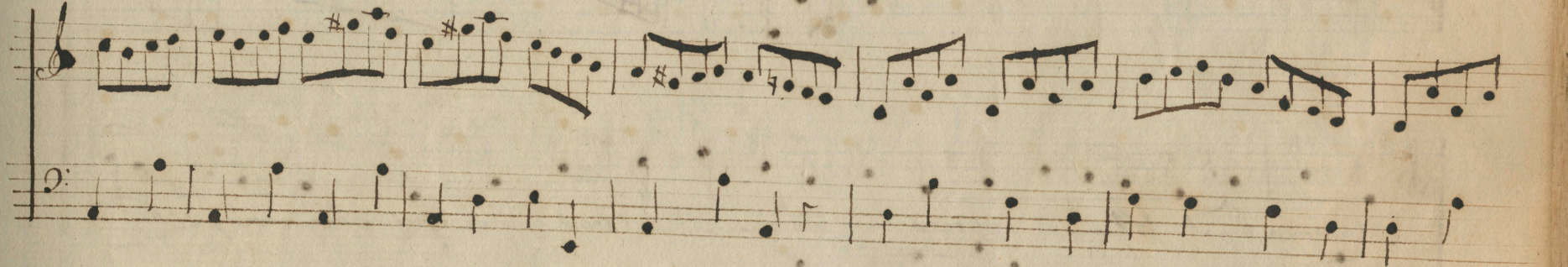
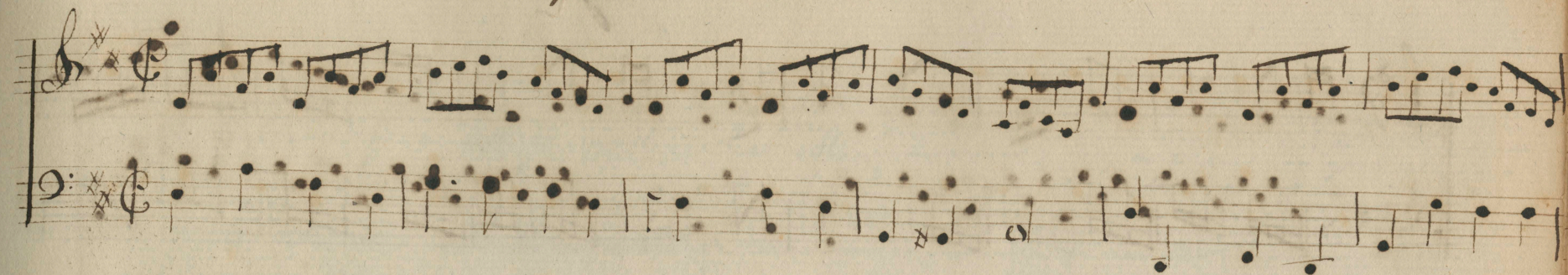


To see my fondness paid
When would he tried to snatch a kiss
I turned away my head

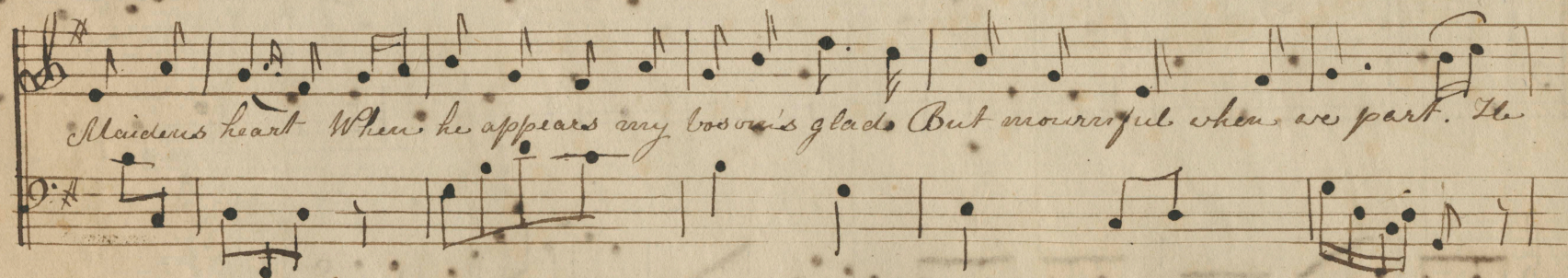
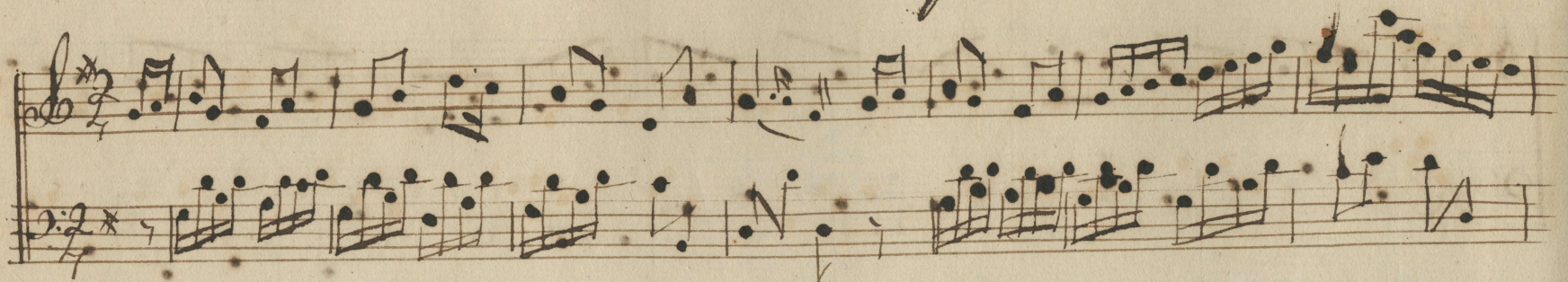
With other lads I seem'd to flirt
Nor were my arts in vain
His love was roused his pride was hurt
He knelt and sigh'd again -

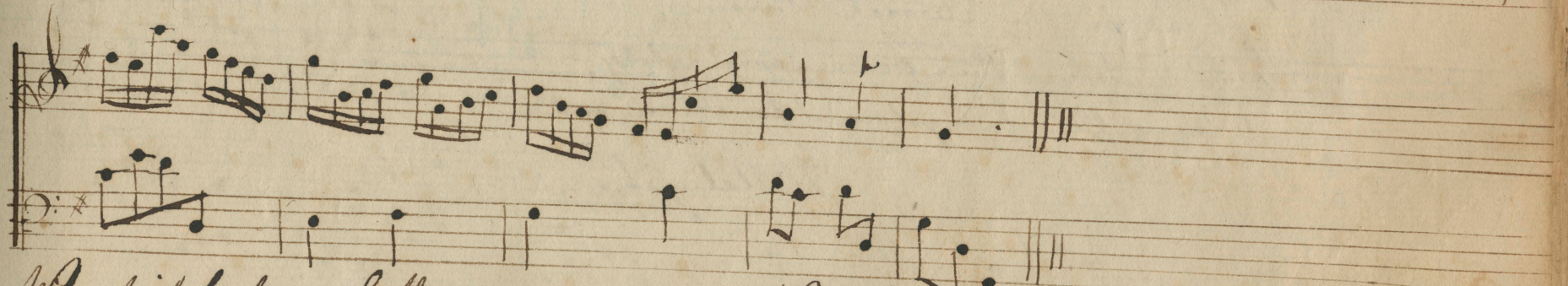
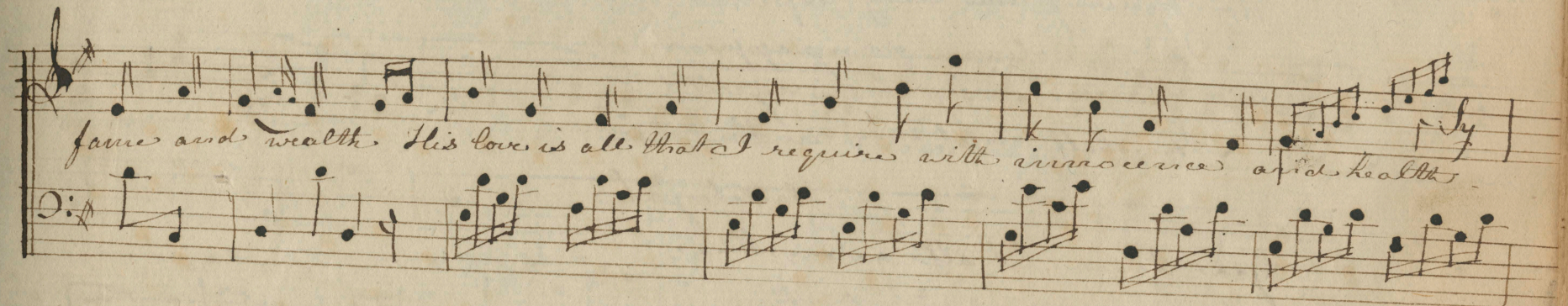
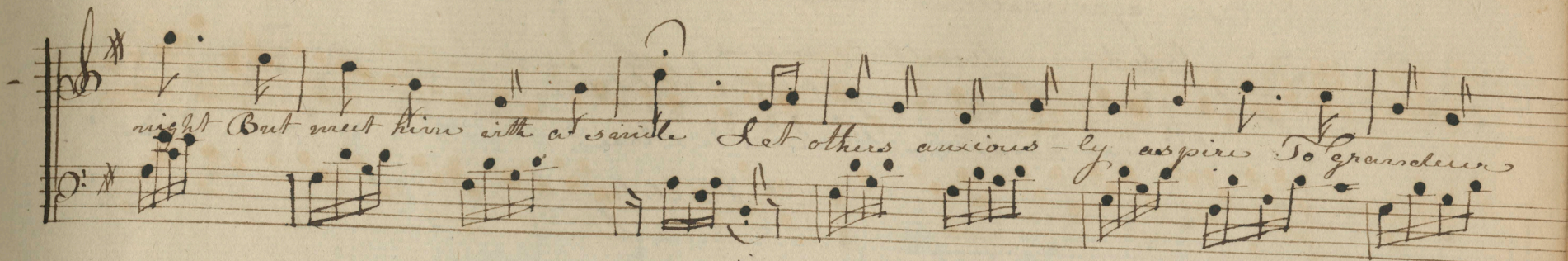
Philips Flararpie

75^e



The Contented Cottager





When first he to my Cottage came
 And told his tender tale;
 If mourning said 'twas all in vain
 He never could prevail.
 But oh so ardently he press'd
 And would not be deny'd
 That ere my tongue had express'd
 My tell tale eyes complied -
 Let others be

With him I am content to dwell,
 Within our low roof I cot.
 And e'en the gayest town bred belle
 Might envy me my lot.
 For we had climb'd the mountains high
 Or till the rugged soil
 And seem'd o'erpaid if I at right,
 But meet him with a smile.
 Let others be

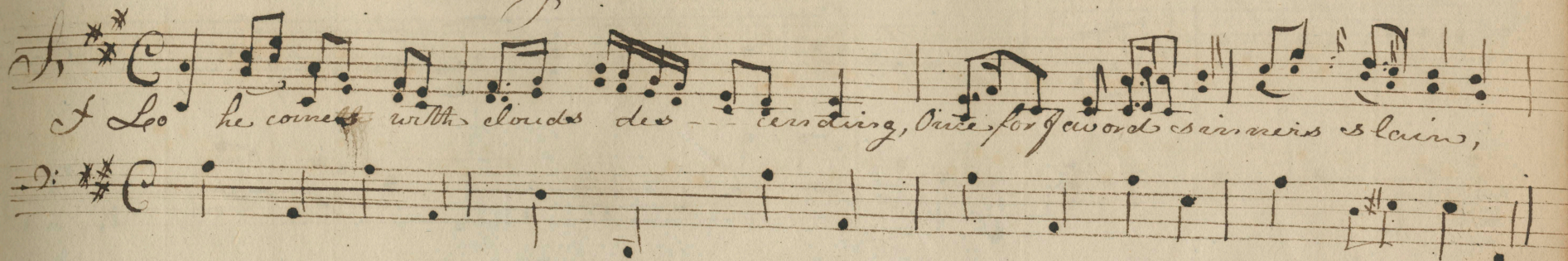
Every eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty,
 They who set at naught and sold him
 Pierced and nail'd him to a tree.
 Hallelujah

Now redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear,
 All his saints by angels rejected
 Now shall meet him in the air.


Hallelujah
 Yea Amen let all adore thee,
 High in thy eternal throne,
 Saviour take the power and glory
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 Hallelujah —

Hymn

79



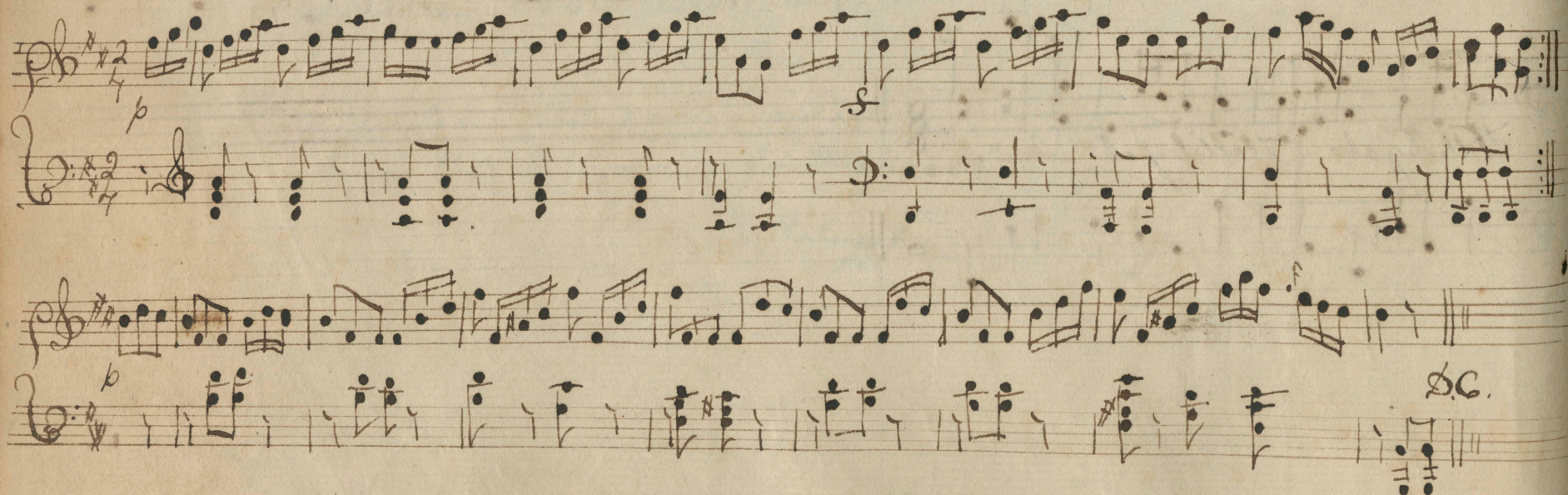
I See he comes with clouds descending, Once for ever sinner's sinners slain,



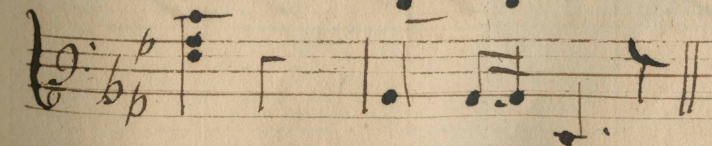
Thousand Thousand Saints attending, At the beaming of his train. Hallelujah



Hallelujah Hallelujah Amen

March in Cinderella.

2



The Wood Robin

Pastorale

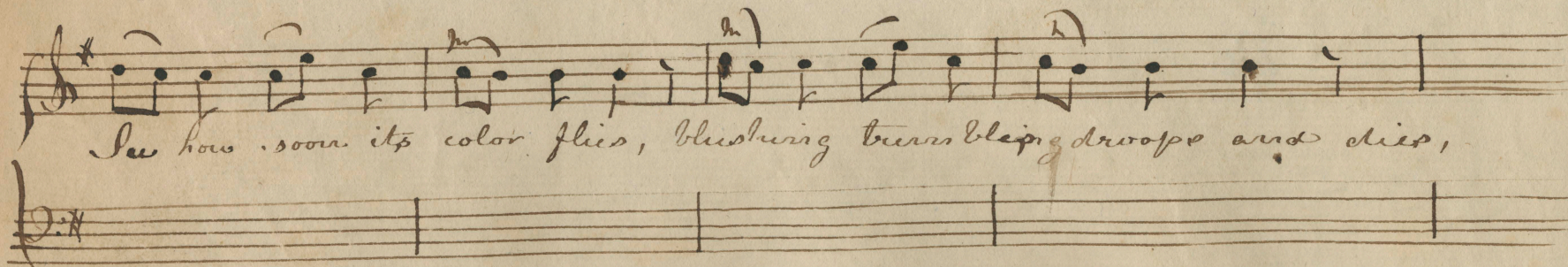
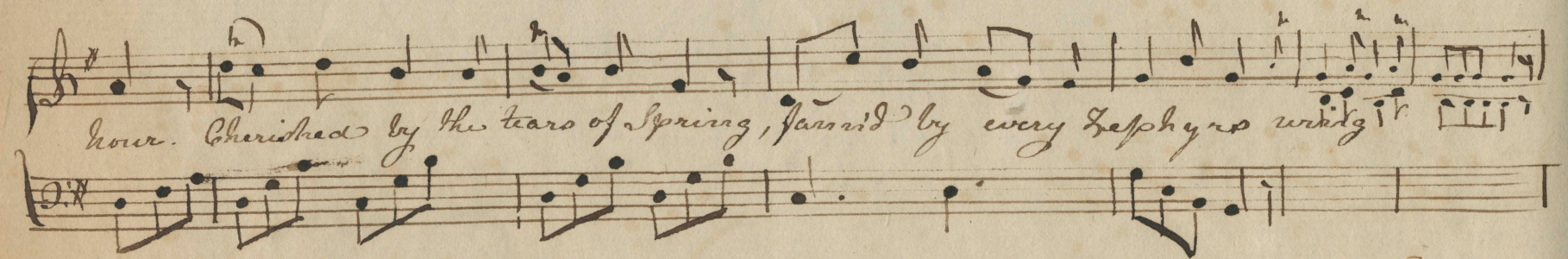
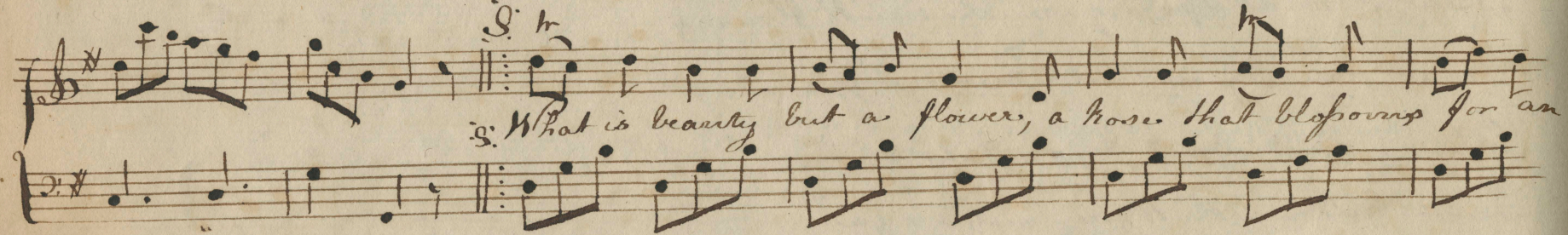
May sweet enchanters of the grove, leave not so soon thy native
 trees; O warble still those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee. O warble still,
 those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff is marked 'Pastorale' and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and ornaments. The second staff continues the melody with similar notation. The third staff introduces a vocal line with the lyrics: 'May sweet enchanters of the grove, leave not so soon thy native'. The fourth staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: 'trees; O warble still those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee. O warble still,'. The fifth staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: 'those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee.' The sixth staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: 'those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee.' The seventh staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: 'those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee.' The eighth staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: 'those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee.' The ninth staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: 'those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee.' The tenth staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: 'those notes of love, while any fond heart responds to thee.' The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Rest thy soft bosom on the spray
Fill chilly autumn frown severe,
Then shanon me with thy parting lay
And I will answer with a tear.

But soon as spring enriched with flowers
Comes dancing o'er the new dressed plain;
Return and cheer thy mate's bowers,
Sweet Robin with those notes again -

Beauty.



Age will come with wintry face every transient joy to chase,

Age will come with wintry face every transient joy to chase,

Friendships but are empty names,
 Glittering like a vap'rish flame,
 Gloom flies fast, and soon decays,
 Bliss is lost while time delays,
 Deck & deck! your couch with flowers,
 Laugh away the sportive hours,
 Then since life's a fleeting day,
 Ah! enjoy it while you may —

Lover's Telegram.

Allegretto.

To Chloe the anaid of my heart anore.

fair and much younger than Daph. To Chloe the anaid of my heart ~~anore~~.

fair and much younger than Daph. My wish in my song I impart my

wish in any song I impart, my wish in any song I impart for Music

Music Music is Love's Telegraph Love's Telegraph Love's Telegraph for

Music Music for Music is Love's Telegraph.

In vain doth the guardian bear away
 At all his confinement we laugh
 Through windows our strains we convey
 For Music is Love's Telegraph.

But Chloe be ever so remote
 The breeze that disperses the chaff
 Will bring to her ear the soft note
 For Music is Love's Telegraph.

And oh! when my Chloe I wed
 When Chloe shall be my best half
 In ballads our joy shall be spread
 For Music is Love's Telegraph.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalock

4 2 1 2 1 2 3 1 2 + 1 + 1 2 4 2 + 2 2 3

Roy's wife of All-di-va-lock Roy's wife of All-di-va-lock wat ye think she cheated me

3 2 + 1 2 1 1 2 3 1 2 + 1 2 3 2 1 + 1 2 1 2

As I came o'er the braes of Balloch, She woud she swore she wad be mine, she

2 1 2 3 + 1 + 4 2 4 + 1 2 + 2 1 + 2 2 1 + 1 2 3

said that she loved me best of any, Best oh! the fickle faithless quean, she's taen the

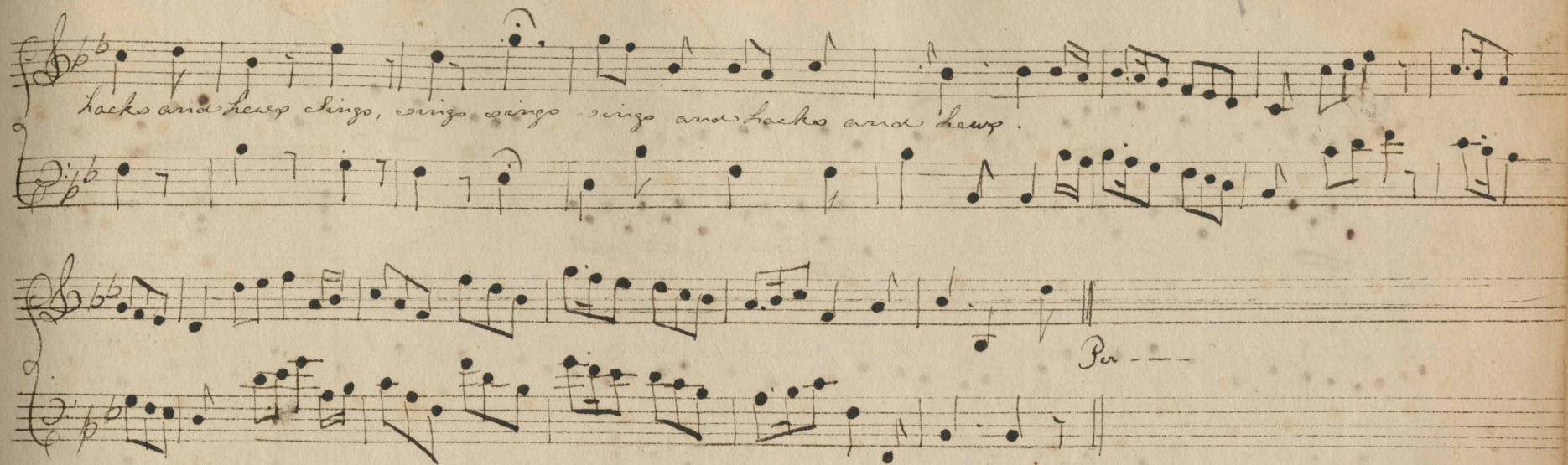
2

Carl and left her Johnie. Da Capo,

Oh she was a carsty quean,
And wull wou'd she glance the highland wabochs
How happy I had she been wrinkle,
I'd been Roy of Aldivalock

Her hair was fair, her een was dear,
Her wee bit nose was sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's forever left her Johnie

From wife

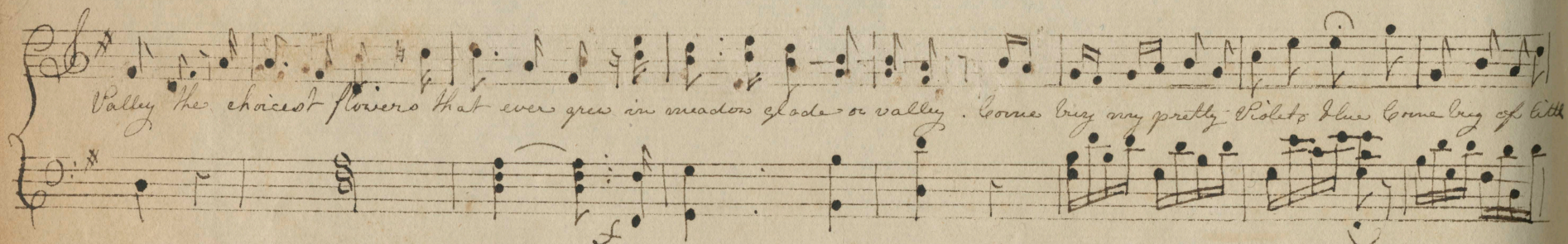
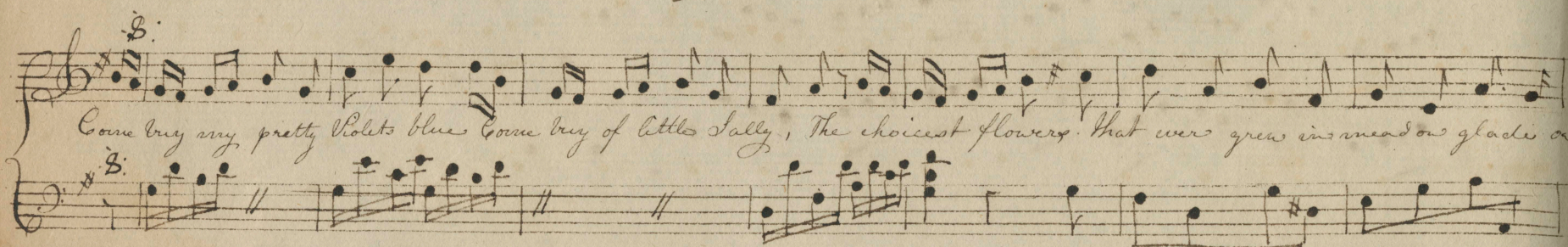


Perhaps now felled by this bold man
 That tree shall form the spruce sedan,
 Or wheel barrow where Ogden Man
 So runs her vulgar rig;
 The stage where boxers crowd in flocks,
 Or doe a quack, perhaps the stocks,
 Or poole for seigns, or barbers blocky
 Where smiles the parsons wig.

Shew naught bold peasant (Oh what grief!)
 The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
 The seat where sits the grave lords chief
 The throne the coblers stall;
 Thow poorestest life in every stage
 Markst follys whims, prided equipages,
 For childrens toys, snatches for age,
 And coff'ers for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford
 Those chairs and this convivial board;
 The bin that holds the gay Bacchus' hoard
 Confess the woodmans stroke:
 He makes the press that bleeds the vine,
 The butt that holds the generous wine
 The hall itself where tapers join
 To crack the mirthful joke —

The Violet Girl -

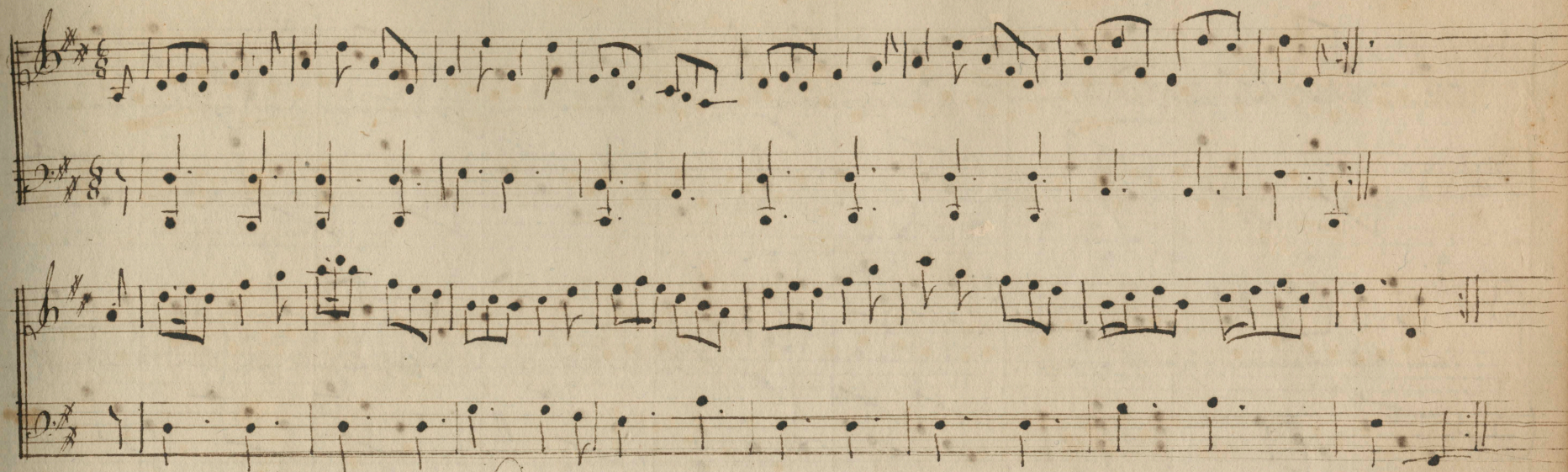


At twilight from my home I go
And through the wide straths really
To fields where creeping violets grow
And tillies of the valley.
Come buy my pretty violets &c

And in the great ones begin to rip
The hear the voice of Sally
That little girl who often cries
Sweet tillies of the valley.
Come buy &c.

Jeffersons Whim

107



Lady Partons Allomande



His quite the thing -

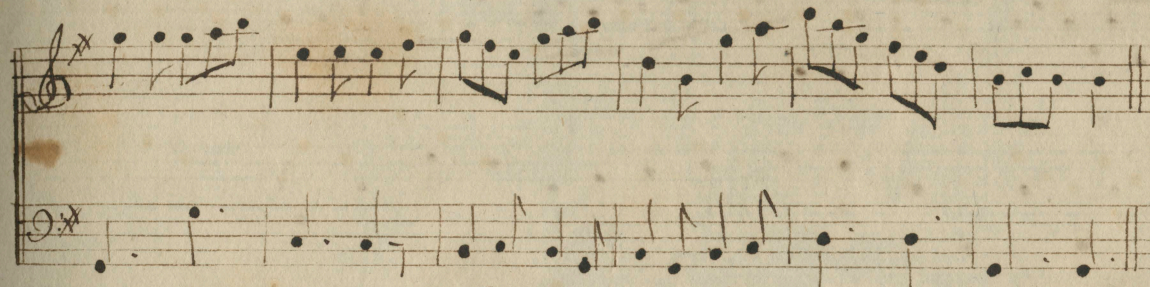
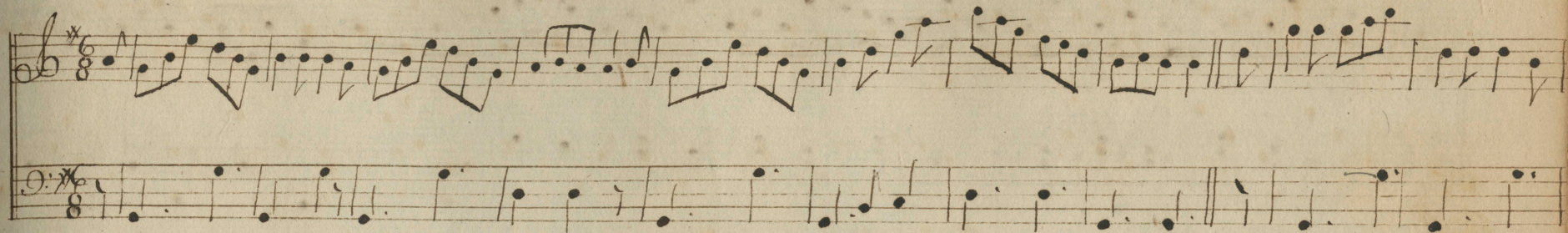
When Charley told his tale of love, in words so sweet he did complain
Pray ladies how could I do less than

love this charming youth again. For he can dance with graceful ease, can touch with magic

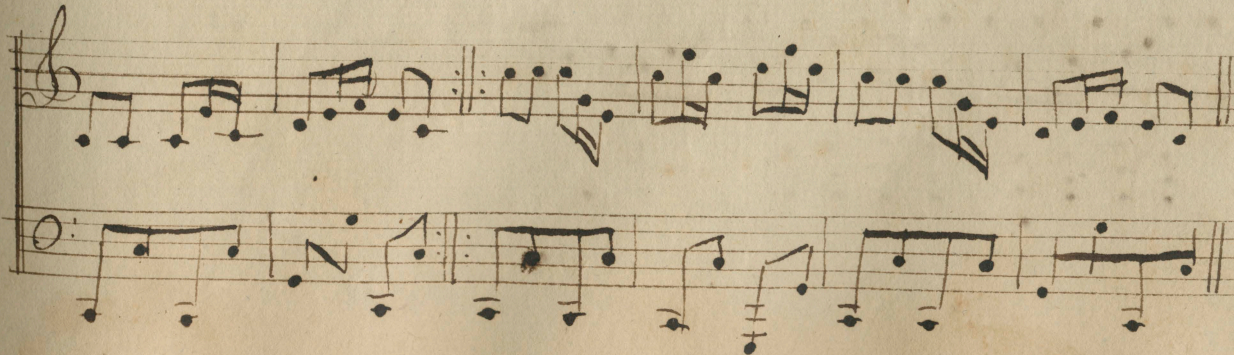
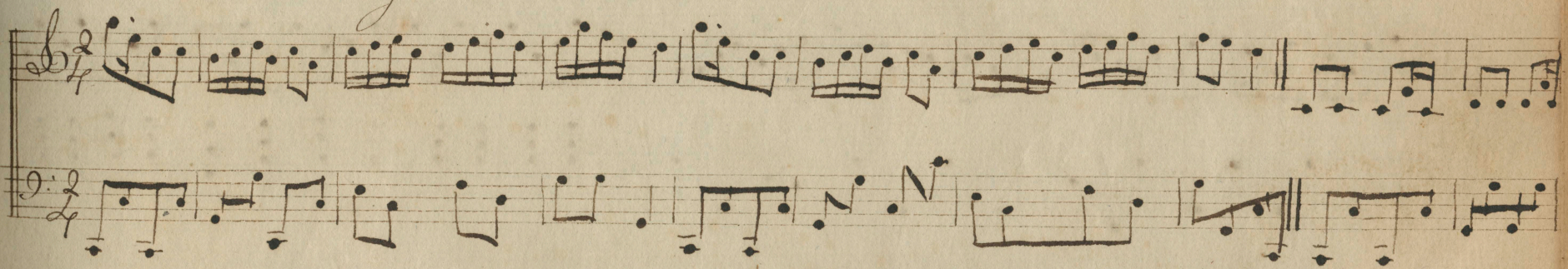
skill the string; For'd every female heart to please The girls all say "His quite the thing". His quite the thing His

quite the thing. For'd every female heart to please the girls all say his quite the thing.

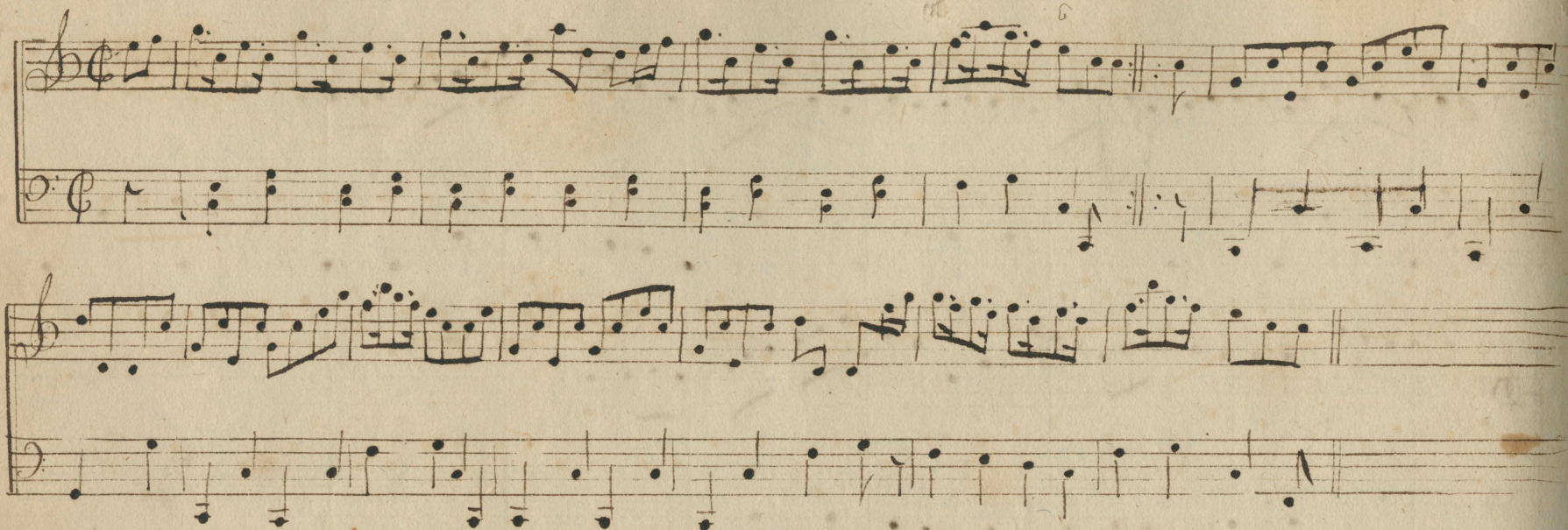
His teeth are white as mountain snow
His sparkling eyes as jet are black;
In short the truth to let you know
There is no charm which he doth lack.
The merry dancin' hall join with ease
Or touch with magic skill the string
For'd he - -



Greenwich Hill



New Tartan Plaidie -



Money Musk



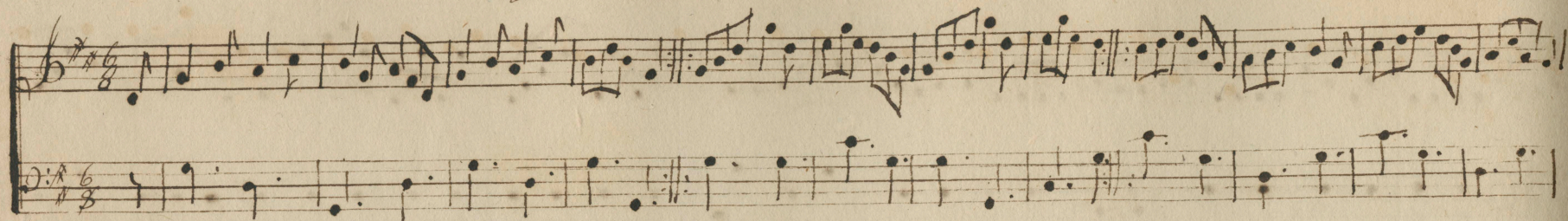
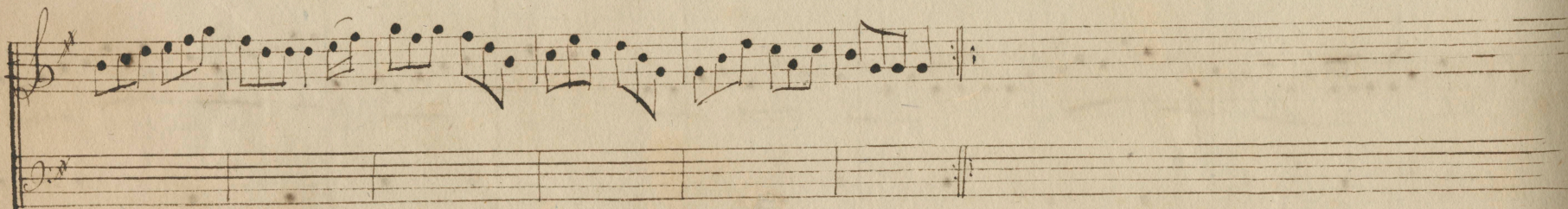
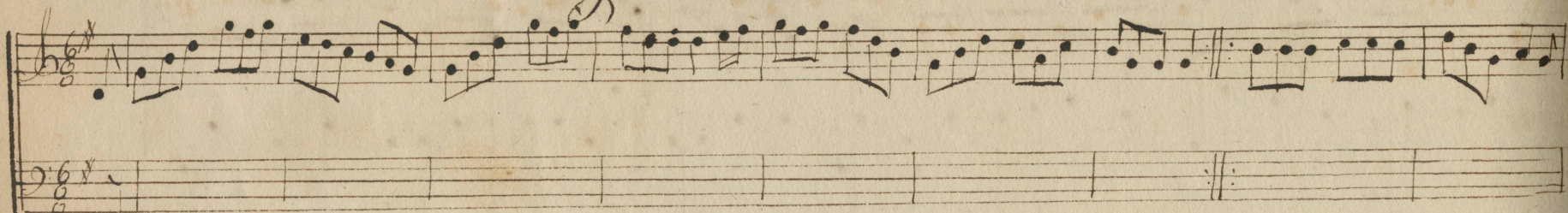
The Opera Reel.

111



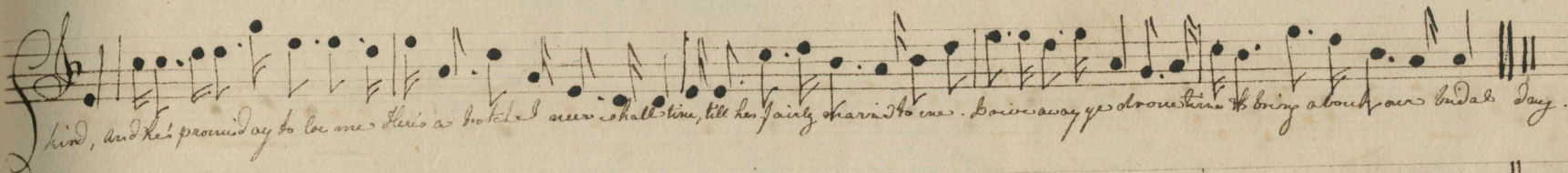
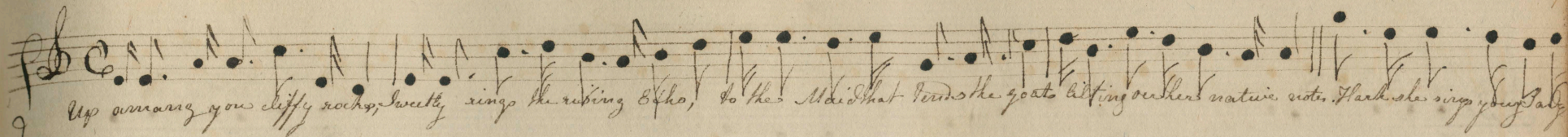
Mr Gibson's Reel.



The HaymakersPaddy Whack.The Stranger -

The Maid that tends the goats.

113



Sandy herds a flock of sheep,
 Afford does he blow the whistle,
 In a strain so softly sweet,
 Lambs listening dare not bleat.
 He's as fleet as the mountain roe,
 Hardy as the Highland Leath, or
 Bladyn shoo' the swifter snow.
 Sleeping ay his flock together.
 But a plaid, or bare foughs
 He braves the bleakest North blast.

Brawly he can dances and sing
 Gayly after a Highland fannach,
 None can ever match his fling,
 At a reel or round or ring -
 Lightly can he wield a ~~crisp~~ ^{crisp} ~~crisp~~ ^{crisp}
 In a brawl he's ay the better.
 At his praise e'en neer the song,
 By the laughest and the sangster;
 Songs that sing o' Sandy
 Could short, tho' they were e'er so long -

Calvary.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'Calvary'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Infinite grief amazing woe! Behold my bleeding Lord! Well and the Jews conspire his death and use the Roman sword.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system of 'Calvary'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

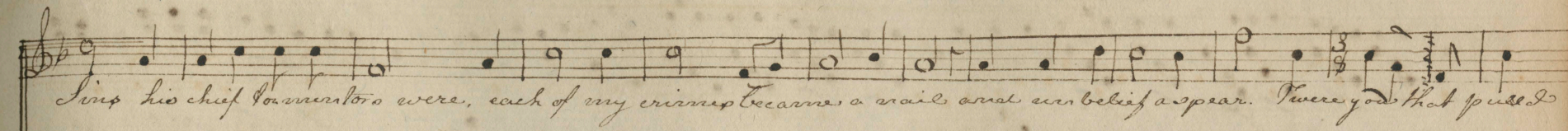
Oh the sharp pang of the sharp pang of smarting pain My dear Redeemer bore, then knotty whips

Handwritten musical notation for the third system of 'Calvary'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

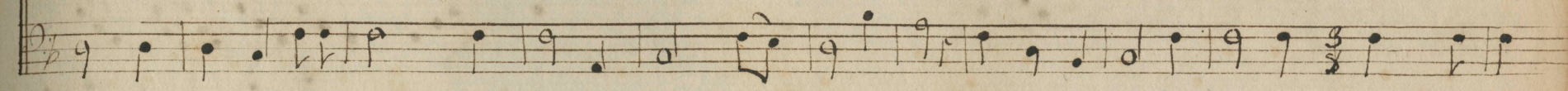
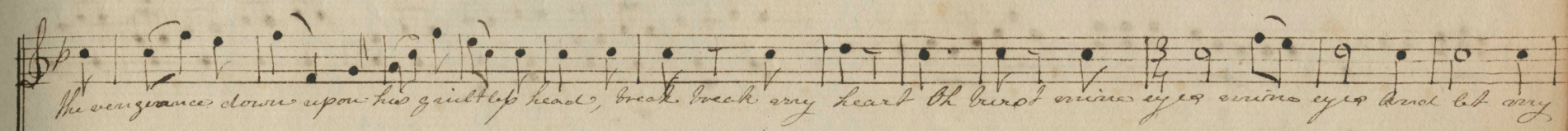
and ragged thorns, his sacred body tore. But knotty whips and ragged thorns in vain do I accuse, In vain I

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system of 'Calvary'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

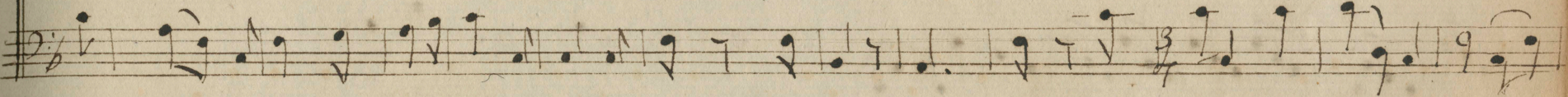
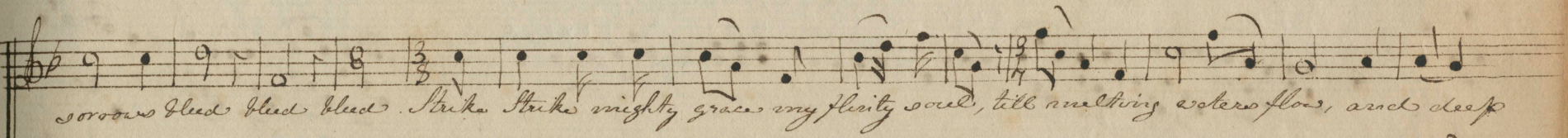
blame the Roman bands and more insulting Jews. Tare you my sins, my cruel sins my cruel




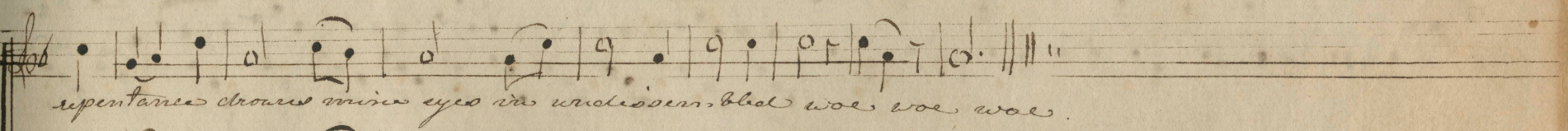
Sins his chief tormentors were, each of my crimes became a wail and unbelief a spear. There you that pushed

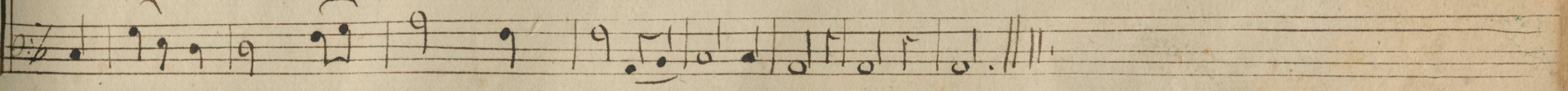
The vengeance down upon his guiltless head, break break my heart Oh burst mine eyes mine eyes and let my

sorrows bleed bleed bleed. Strike Strike mighty grace my flimsy soul, till melting waters flow, and deep

repentance drowns mine eyes in uncessant, woe woe woe.

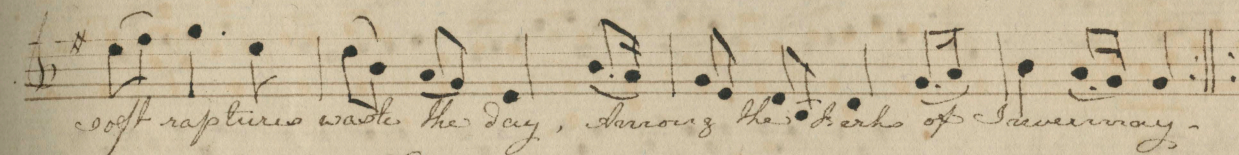
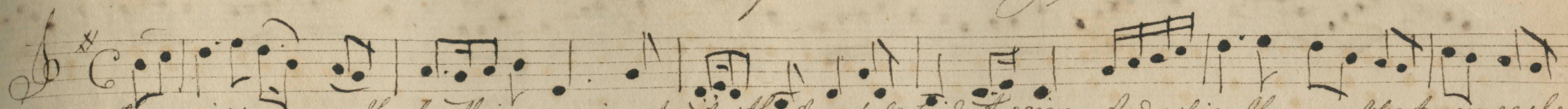


Rondo

Handwritten musical score for a Rondo, consisting of six systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is written in a single system with multiple staves per system, typical of early manuscript notation. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is written in a single system with multiple staves per system, typical of early manuscript notation. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is written in a single system with multiple staves per system, typical of early manuscript notation.

The Birds of Iwerriway -

117



Too soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter will appear.
At this thy lining bloom will fade,
As that shall strip the verdant glade.
But taste of pleasure there is o'er.
The feather'd company are no more
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birds of Iwerriway.

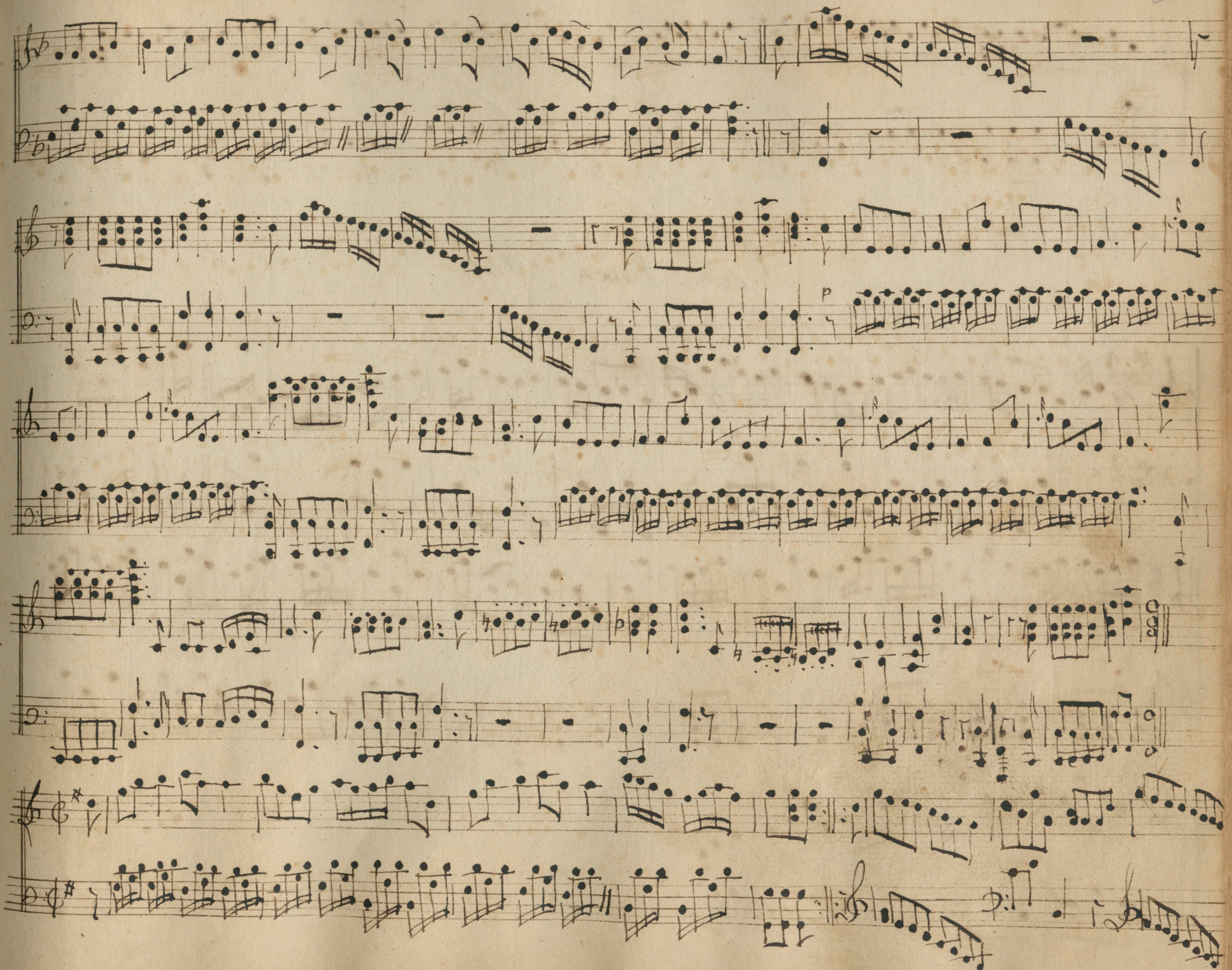
Behold the hills and vales around
With loving herds and flocks around.
The warren hid, and fishing labours
Gambols and dances about their farms.
The busy bees with humming noise
And all the up tile kind rejoice.
Let us like them then sing & play
About the birds of Iwerriway.

Hark how the waters as they fall
Soundly my love to gladness call:
The warren waves sport in the bearing,
And fishes play throughout the stream;
The circling stars do now adance
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovials be as they
Among the birds of Iwerriway.

The English Naval Dance

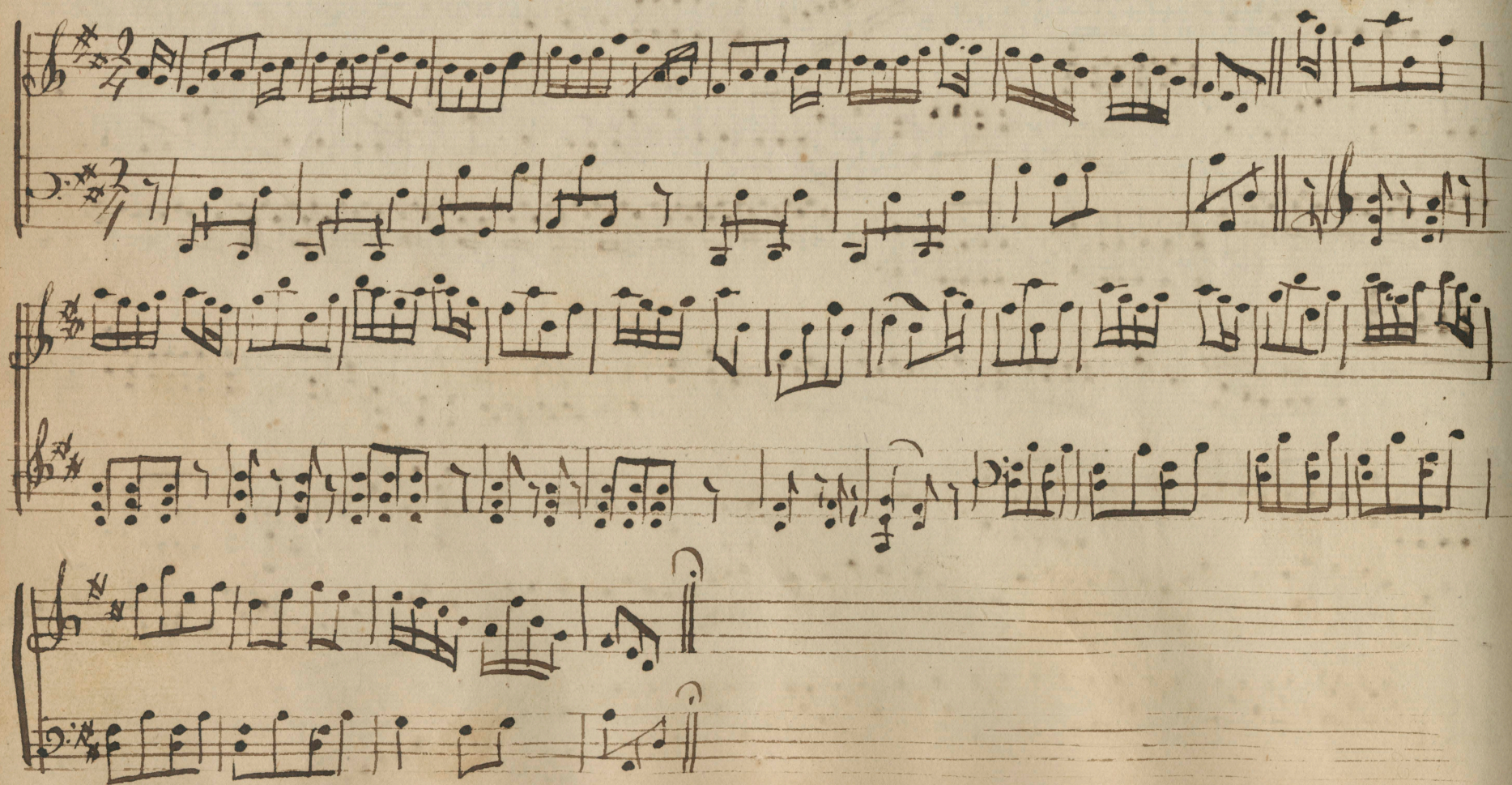
Allegro -

This page contains a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "The English Naval Dance". The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo marking "Allegro -" is written below the first staff. The notation is in a cursive, handwritten style, featuring a variety of note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The music is characterized by frequent beamed sixteenth notes, creating a lively and rhythmic feel. The score includes repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) and a final double bar line at the end of the piece. The paper is aged and shows some staining, particularly in the center.



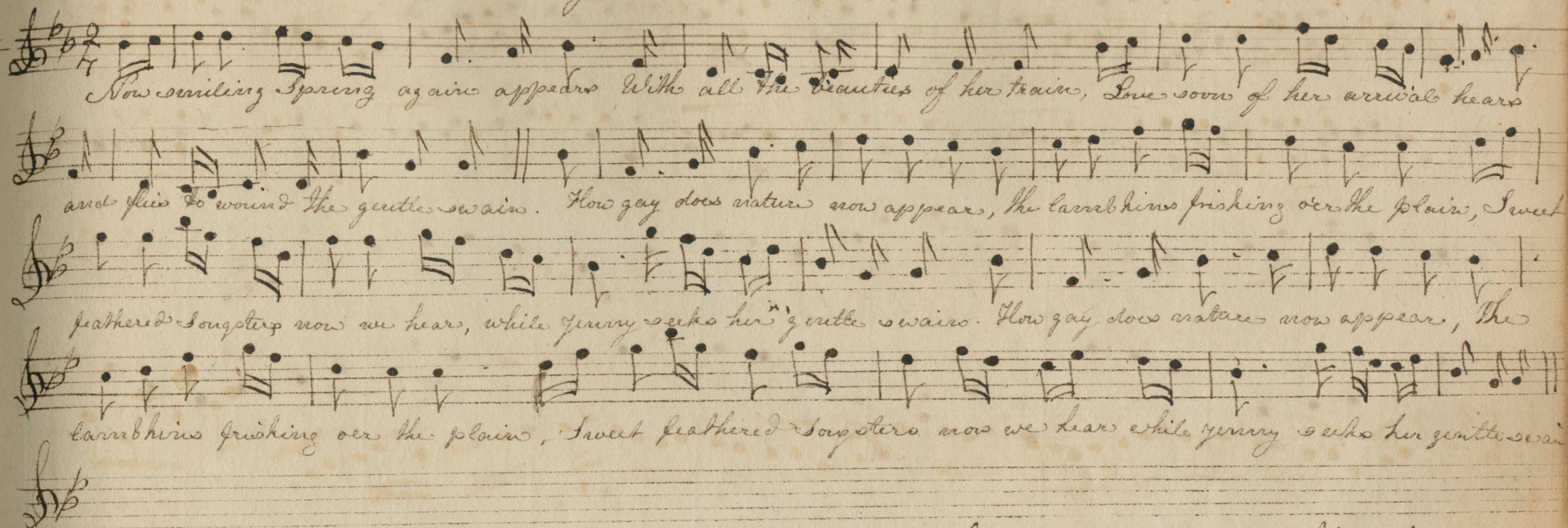


Lock Erock Side -



Now Smiling Spring again appears —

121

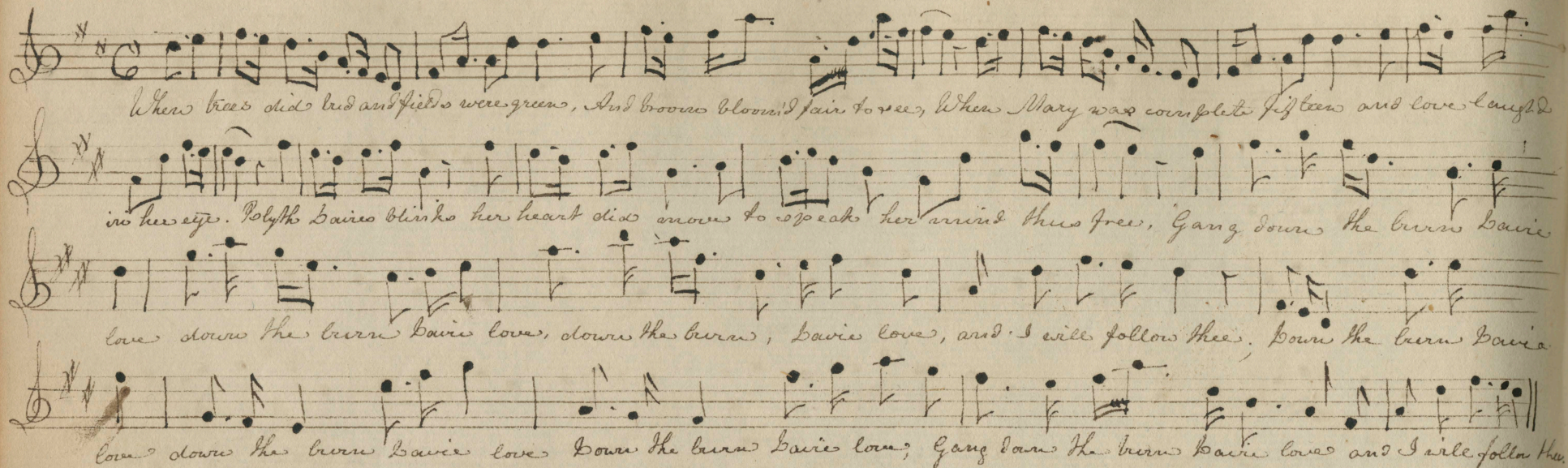


Now smiling Spring again appears With all the beauties of her train, Love soon of her arrival hears
and flies to wound the gentle swain. How gay does nature now appear, the lambskins frolicking over the plain, Sweet
feathered songsters now we hear, while jenny seeks her gentle swain. How gay does nature now appear, the
lambskins frolicking over the plain, Sweet feathered songsters now we hear while jenny seeks her gentle swain

ye mynors who lead me to the grove,
thro' which your streams in silence flow,
there with my Johnny let me rove,
Till once his fleecy flock returns:
Young Johnny is my loving swain
He sweetly pipes along the mead,
Soon as the lambskins hear his strain
With eager steps returns in speed.

The flocks now all in sportive play,
Come frolicking round the piping swain,
Then fear us of too long delay
Runs bleating to their stans again.
Within the fresh green Myrtle grove,
The feathered choir in raptures sing,
And sweetly warble forth their love,
To welcome the returning spring.

Down the burn Davie



When trees did bud and fields were green, And brooms bloom'd fair to see, When Mary was complete fifteen and love laugh'd
in her eye. Pity the Davie blinks her heart did move to speak her mind thus free, Gang down the burn Davie
love down the burn Davie love, down the burn, Davie love, and I will follow thee, Down the burn Davie
love down the burn Davie love Down the burn Davie love, Gang down the burn Davie love and I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lady surpass
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass
Just meet to be a bride.

Pity the Davie blinks her
Her cheeks were rosy red and white
Her eyes were bonny blue,
Her locks were like Aurora's bright
Her lips like dropping dew -

Pity the Davie &

As fate had dealt to him a rough
Straight to the point he led her,
There plighted her his faith & troth,
And a bonny bride he made her.

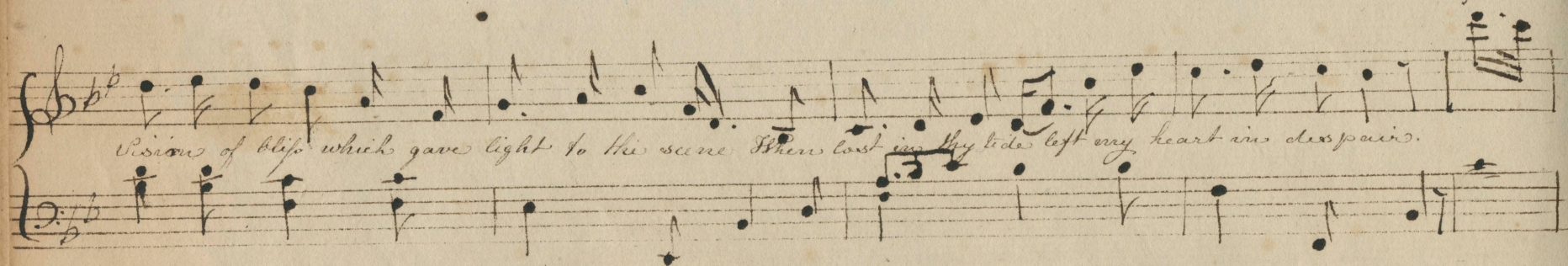
No more ashamed to own her love
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davie love
And I will follow thee -

Alloa House.

123

Thy Blue Graves O'Carroll

By John Ross.



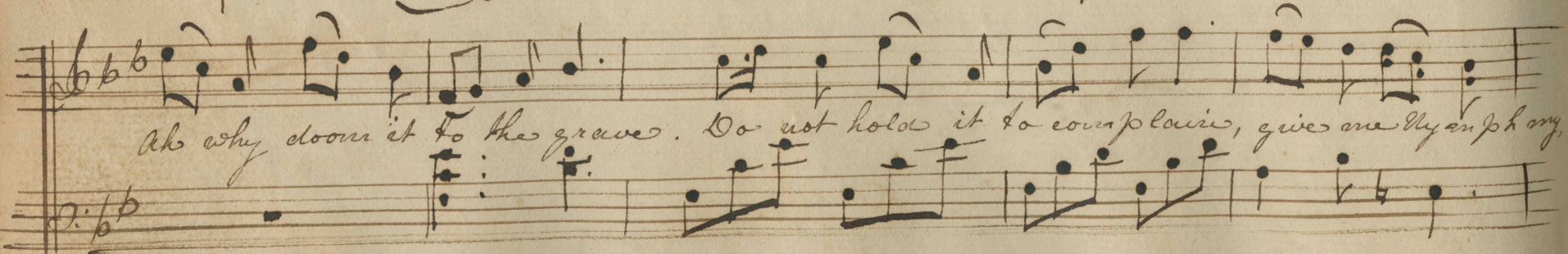
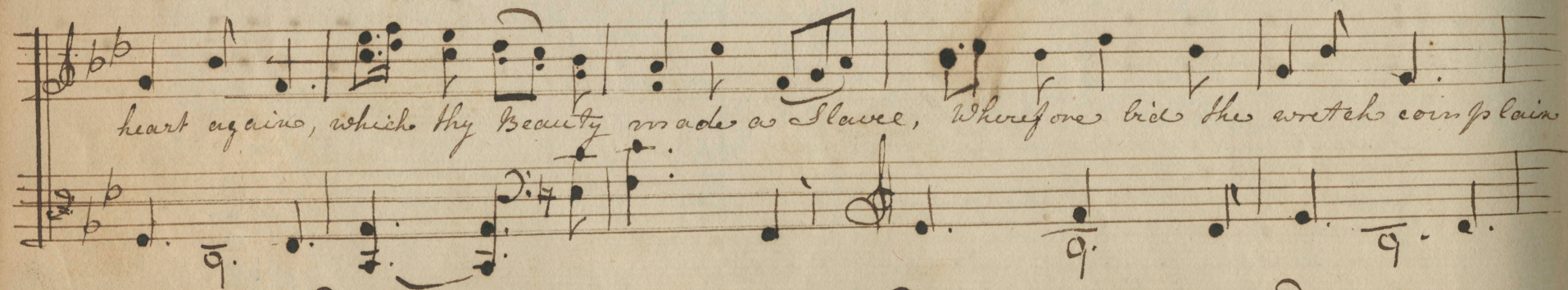
B

stood, while with wing'd the messenger of love charmed the day, but now
in affliction I gaze on thy flood and watch the slow waves as they wander away
And watch the slow waves as they wander away.

I leant on the rock which hung over their caves
And woke the sweet Echo to Love's sounding lay,
And the silver hued willow that droops o'er thy waves,
Records on its banks tender songs in her pride.
In vain I look round the fair object to see,
The voice of my charmer no longer I hear,
And the prospect that once gilded pleasure's name,
Seems dark as the sable which covered her bier.

Yet winds plaintive stream thy full waves to the main
Responsive to grief let them murmur and sigh.
Their course let their blue rolling waters maintain,
And Springs unexhausted their waste still supply.
By the cold frost of winter thy tide may be chilled
Yet Spring's mellow breath will warm it again,
But once let the current of life be congealed,
To warm it anew every effort is vain.

Give me Rhythmy heart again -



heart again Do not hold it to complain Give me Nymph my heart

again

'Twas thy sweet seducing smile,
That did first my heart beguile!
'Twas thine eyes bewitching ray,
Lur'd it from my breast away,
Why then hold it to complain!
Give me Nymph my heart again.

Lo! poor prisoner he returns!
Happy now no more it burns!
Faded eye and shriv'd smile,
Charm no more — no more beguile!
She who triumphs in its pains,
Shall not hold that heart again...

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door
 Where weary travellers love to call -
 Then if some bard who roams forsaken,
 Heavies its soft note in gapping along,
 Oh! let our thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now ^{our} overflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest,
 Heavens oh! never, its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
 But when some warm devoted lover,
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

When in Death I shall calm recline -

129

Handwritten musical score for the first system of the song. The melody is written on a treble clef staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "When in death I shall calm recline & bear my heart to my mistress dear".

When in death I shall calm recline & bear my heart to my mistress dear

Handwritten musical score for the second system of the song. The melody continues on the treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "Tell her it lived upon smiles, and wines of the brightest hue, while it lingered here".

Tell her it lived upon smiles, and wines of the brightest hue, while it lingered here

Handwritten musical score for the third system of the song. The melody continues on the treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow To sully a heart so brilliant and light, But balmy drops".

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow To sully a heart so brilliant and light, But balmy drops

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system of the song. The melody concludes on the treble clef staff with a double bar line. The lyrics are: "of the red grape borrow To bathe the relics from Morn to night".

of the red grape borrow To bathe the relics from Morn to night



Handwritten musical notation on six staves. The notation consists of black dots (notes) and vertical lines (bar lines) on five-line staves. The notes are placed at various intervals on the staves, indicating pitch and rhythm. Some staves have additional markings, such as slurs or beams, connecting groups of notes. The paper is aged and shows some staining.

Boat Song

From the Lady of the Lake - - -

Haile to the chief who in triumph advances

Honor'd and blest be the ever green pine! Long may the tree in his banners that

Chorus.

glances, Flourish the shelter and grace of our time! Heaven send it happy den

Earth lend it sap anew Gayly to boughs and broadly to grow, While every Highland glen



Sends our shout back again "Roerigh Vie Alpine thu, ho! ier-ee!"

2

Now is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane in winter to fade,
 When the whirlwinds have tripp'd every leaf on the mountain
 The snow shall claim Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock
 Broof to the tempest's shock
 Turned he roots him the ruder it blow
 Menthith and Breadalban then
 Echo his praise again
 "Roerigh Vie Alpine thu, ho! ier-ee!"

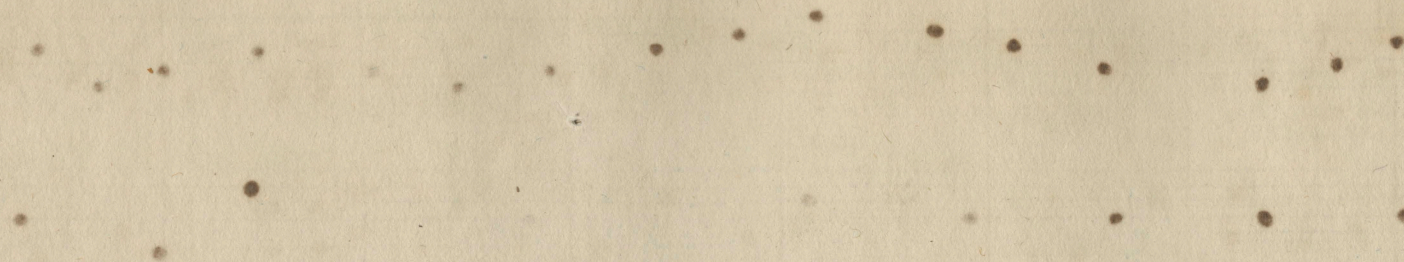
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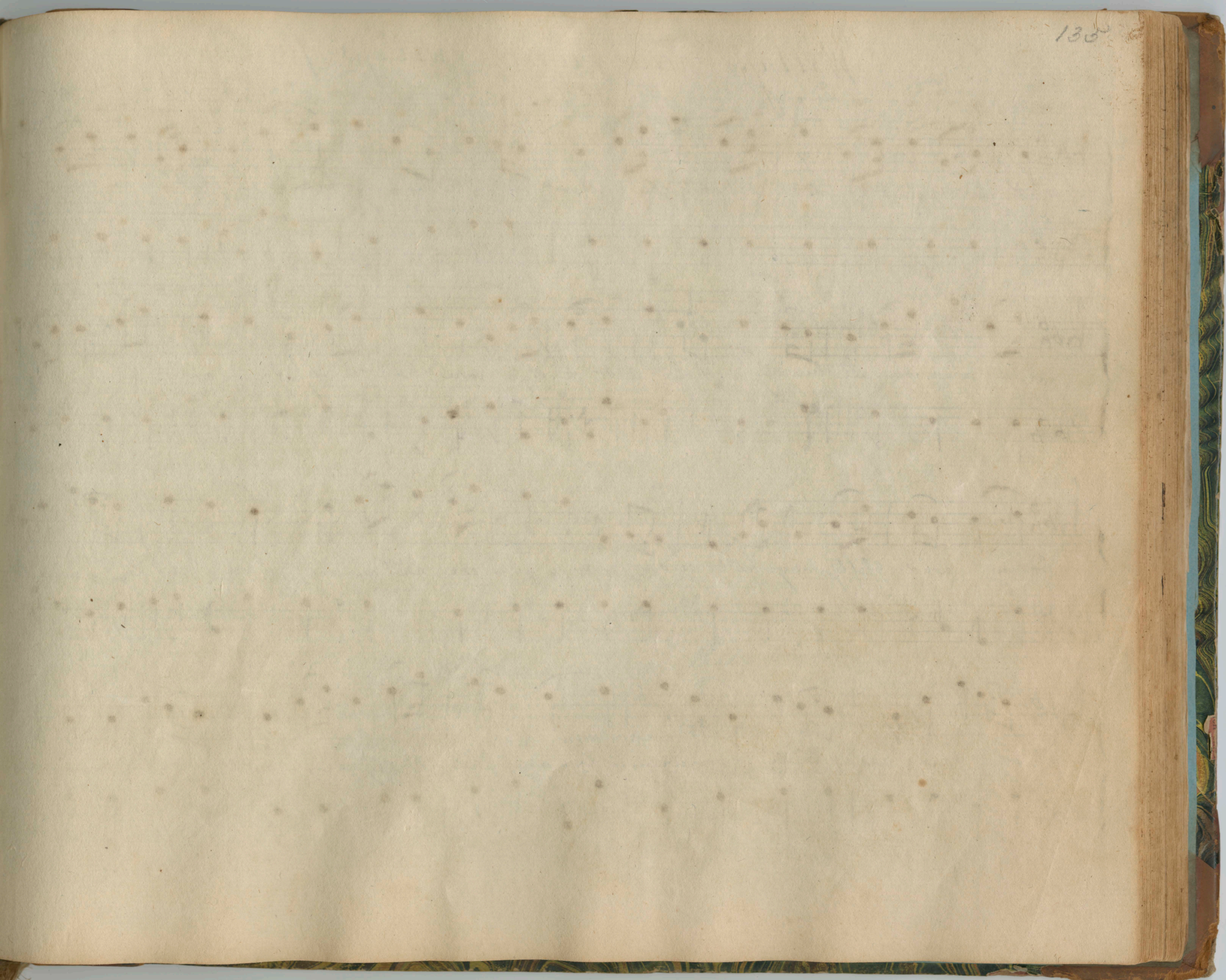
Proudly our Beprock has thrill'd in Glen Druin,
 And Branochar grows to our slogan replied.
 Glen Luff and Kops thu they are smothering in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Ulster and Saxon maids
 Long shall lament our raids,
 Think of Glen Alpine with fear and with woe,
 Lenox and Leven Glen
 Shake when they hear again
 "Roerigh Vie Alpine thu ho! ier-ee!"

4 "Roerigh Vie Alpine thu ho! ier-ee!"

Now, vap'p, now, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your ears for the ever green pine!
 O! that the hope bud that grows you islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honoured and blest in their shadows might grow!
 Loud should Glen Alpine then
 Ring from her deep most Glen
 "Roerigh Vie Alpine thu, ho! ier-ee!"





Willy's rare and Willy's fair -

With tuneful pipe and merry glee, young Willy won my heart, a blyther swain you

could not see, all beauty without art, Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, and Willy's wondrous

bonny and Willy says he'll marry me, give us he'll marry o my Willy's rare &

Willy's fair and Willy's wondrous bonny and Willy says he'll marry me give

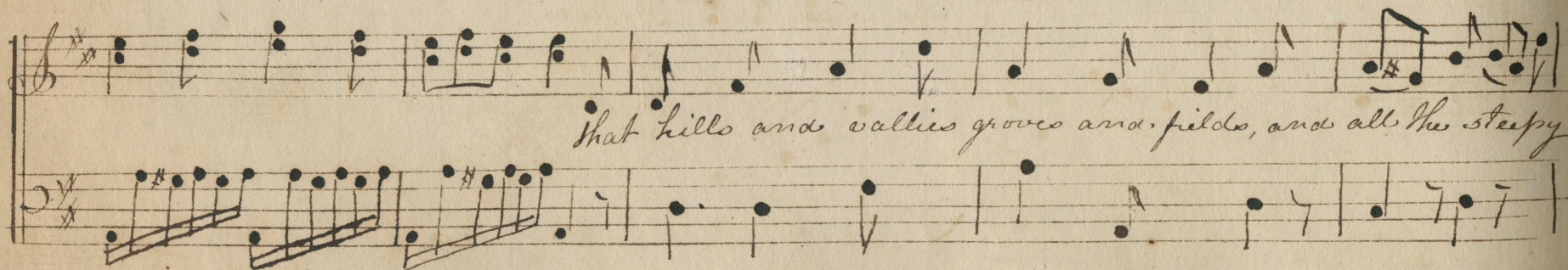
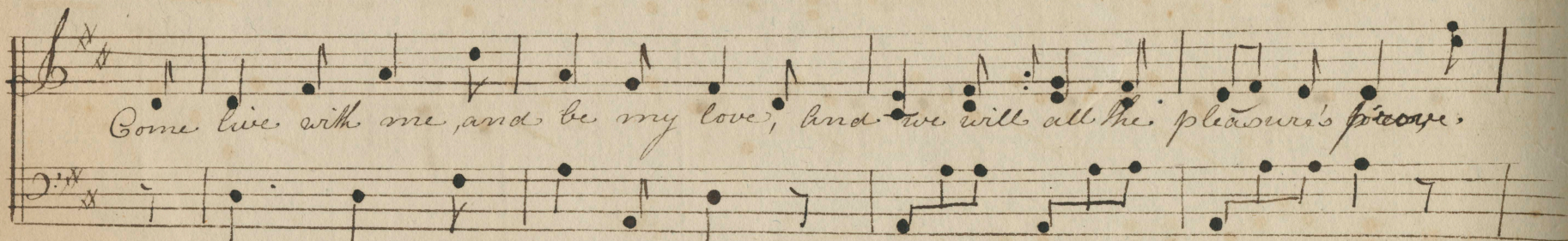
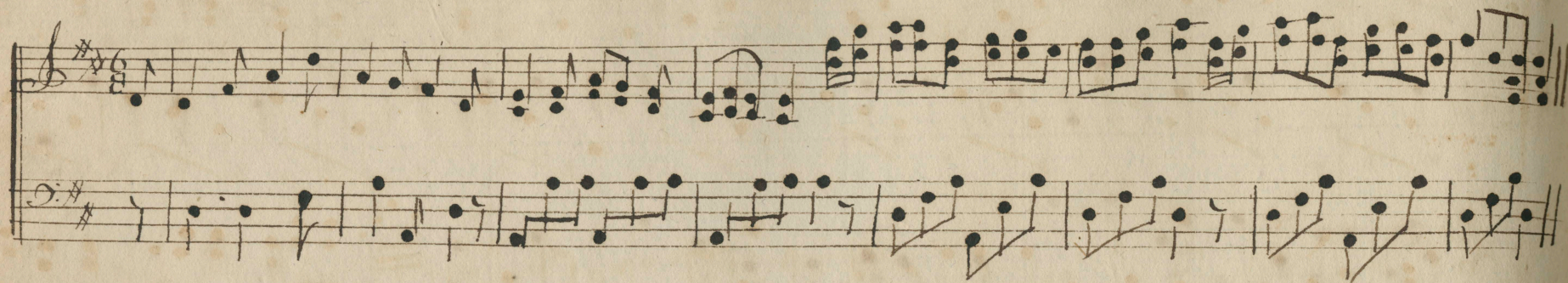
er he'll marry my, gin er he'll marry my, gin er he'll marry my, and

Willy say's he'll marry me gin er he marries my. --

O come you by your water side
 Pull'd you the rope or lily,
 Or come you by the meadow green
 Or saw you my sweet Willy.
 Willy's name the —

Lyne now the trees are in their bloom
 And flowers spread o'er the field
 I'll meet my lad among the broom
 And lead him to my summer's shield.
 Willy's name the .

The Invitation -



sit upon the rocks, and see the shepherds feed their flocks, by shallow rivers to whose fall
 melodious birds sing madrigals melodious birds sing madrigals -

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, a pretty girdle
 Embroidered with the leaves of myrtle.
 A gown made of the finest wool
 Which from our pretty lambs we'll pull,
 If thee delights thy mind can move
 Then live with me and be my love.

Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold
 A belt of straw and ivy buds
 With coral clasps and amber studs.
 If these delights thy mind may move
 Then live with me and be my love.

Paul and Mary

Andante - Espressivo

Chide on, Chide on ye

foaming billows chide, In vain swell mountains high, For while there's life, Love's

still a guide, that will your wrath defy, For while there's life, Love's still a guide that

The musical score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The notation is in a 19th-century style, featuring treble and bass clefs, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The first system includes the tempo marking 'Andante - Espressivo'. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the staves, with some words appearing on the staves themselves (e.g., 'Chide on, Chide on ye' on the third staff). The music consists of a melody line and a bass line, with various musical ornaments and phrasing slurs.

will your wrath defy.

Oh courage lovely maiden I'll fly, to rescue thee from harm, E'en Paul can feel a

danger nigh, while Mary feels alarms

f

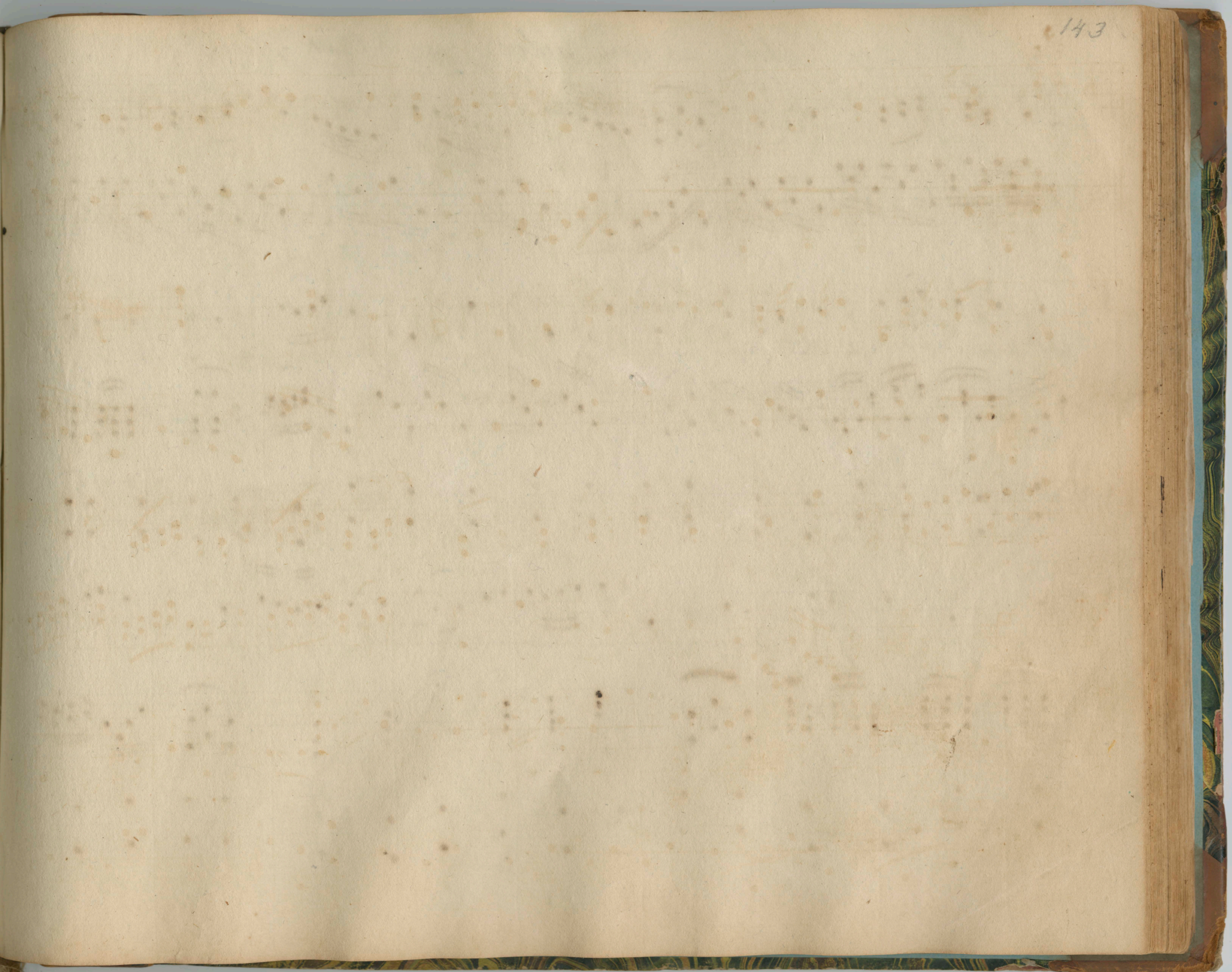
Tempestuous waves foam on, roll high May's all on

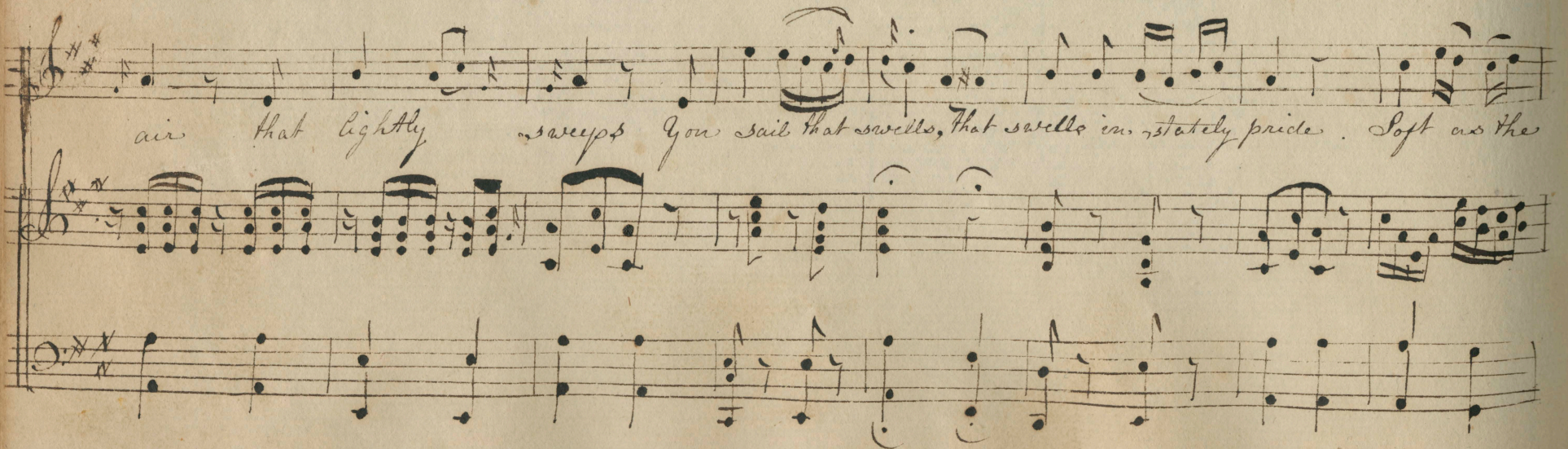
Earth and me, If Mary's lost, for her I'll die and share her grave the sea

If Mary's lost for her I'll die and share her grave the sea. Oh Heavens Heavens Heavens

See you greedy wave. See! See! hides her from my view oh me oh me too over —

no power can save my love my love my love my love adieu —



Soft as you silver ray that sleeps -

Handwritten musical score on aged paper. The score consists of five staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'surges stealing note, that dies a long the distant shore or warbled' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff has a bass clef and continues the melody. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, with the lyrics 'strain that sinks remote so soft the sigh the sigh my bosom heaves -'. The fifth staff has a bass clef and continues the melody. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

True as the wave to Cythias ray,
True as the vessel to the breeze,
True as the soul to Music's sway
Or Music to Venetian seas -

Soft as yon silver that sleeps
Upon the Ocean's trembling breast;
So soft, so true, fond love shall accept
So soft, so true with thee shall rest.

This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The page is numbered '146' in the top left corner. It contains ten staves of music, each with five lines. The notation is written in dark ink and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and some faint smudges. The handwriting is somewhat faded, and the ink is dark, making the notation visible against the light background of the paper.

Swiss Guards March.

147





Queen of every moving measure.

149

Handwritten musical score for 'Queen of every moving measure'. The score is written on ten staves, alternating between treble and bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/7. The melody is written in the treble clef staves, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Queen of every moving measure

Sweetest source of purest pleasure.

Sweetest source

Sweetest source - of purest pleasure - Music why thy power employ

only for the songs of joy only for the smiling guests at natal or at nuptial feasts -

Rather thy lucid numbers pour Bid be still the throbbing hearts and with some softly whisper'd
On those whose secret grief devours; Of those whose death or absence parts, smooth the brow of dumb ^{air} ^{despair}

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring numerous black dots and some horizontal lines, possibly representing a score or a list of notes. The notation is arranged in several groups across the staff, with some groups appearing to be connected by lines. The paper is aged and shows signs of wear, including faint smudges and discoloration.

Rondo

157

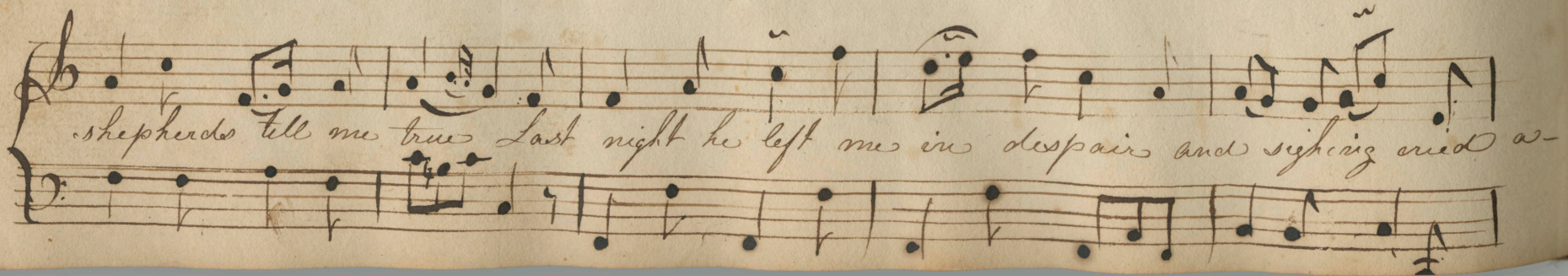
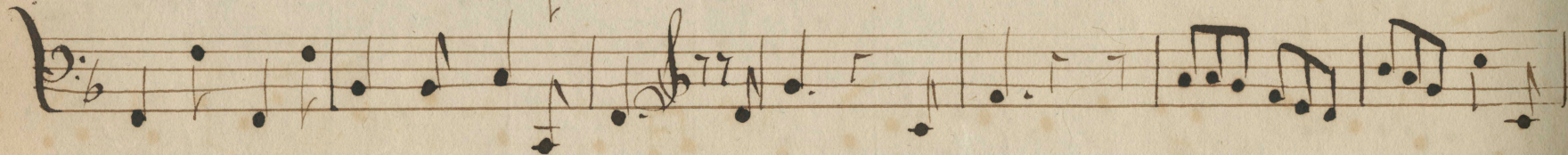
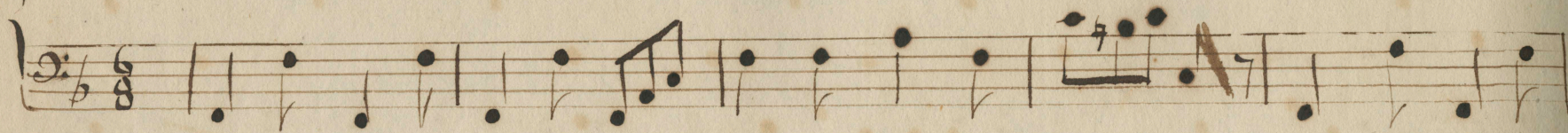
This page contains a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Rondo". The score is written on five systems of staves, each consisting of a treble and a bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a series of eighth notes and a bass staff with a similar rhythmic pattern. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The third system shows a more complex melodic line in the treble staff, with the bass staff following. The fourth system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a more active, rhythmic pattern. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the treble staff and a bass staff that ends with a double bar line. The score is written in a clear, legible hand, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

The musical score is written on five systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a series of eighth notes and a bass staff with a similar rhythmic pattern. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The third system shows a more complex melodic line in the treble staff, with the bass staff following. The fourth system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a more active, rhythmic pattern. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the treble staff and a bass staff that ends with a double bar line. The score is written in a clear, legible hand, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

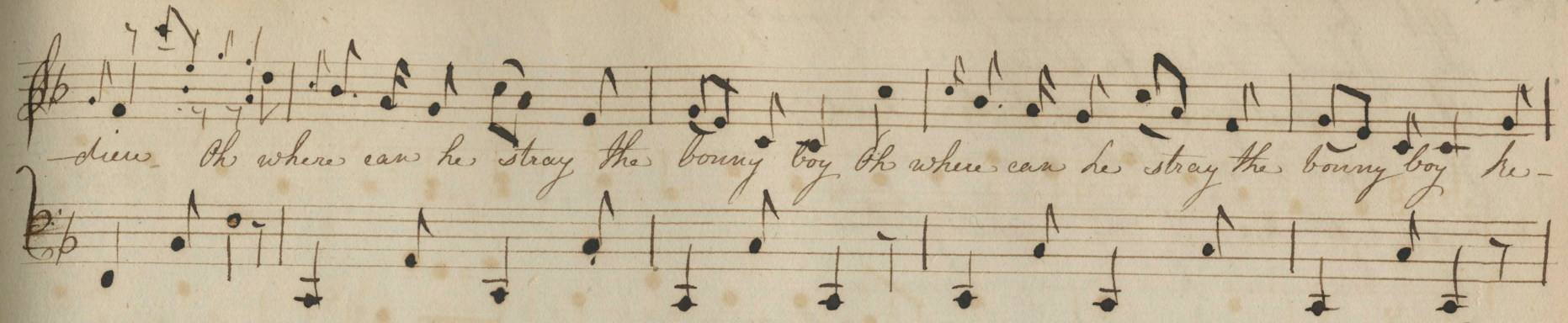




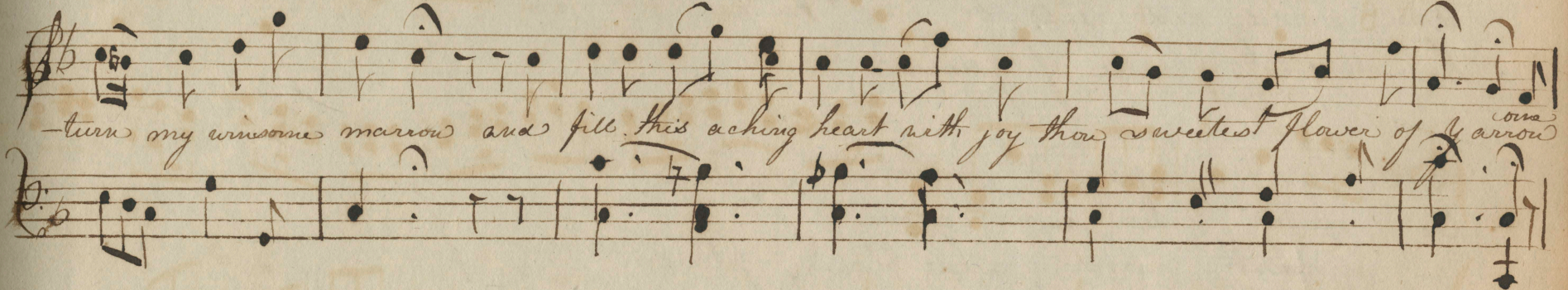
The Sweetest flower of yarrow



shepherds tell me true Last night he left me in despair and sighing cried a-



dieu Oh where can he stray the bonny boy Oh where can he stray the bonny boy he-



-turn my winsome marrow and fill this aching heart with joy thou sweetest flower of yarrow



fill this aching heart with joy thou sweetest flower of yarrow thou sweetest flower of



yarrow -

Oft by pale moonlight thro' the mead,
 My Sandy loved to stray
 Then sweetly on his foster reed
 He pip'd so blith and gay:
 And oft beneath the shady tree
 He call'd me his bonny tomorrow,
 And woe'd he'd still be true to me
 The sweetest flower of yarrow.

Adieu ye myneps and woodland swains
 Each valley, dale and grove,
 Ye verdant meads, and flowery plains
 Where we were wont to rove.
 This doleful tale some pensive swain
 May tell wi mickle sorrow,
 How Mary died wi grief and pain
 For the sweetest flower of yarrow.

Handwritten musical notation on ten staves. The notation consists of black dots (notes) and lines (stems) on five-line staves. The handwriting is in ink and appears to be a historical or early manuscript style. The paper is aged and shows some staining. The notation is arranged in a single system across the ten staves, with some measures containing multiple notes. The overall appearance is that of a handwritten musical score or exercise book page.

Benny and Penny

by J. Sanderson.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in G major. There are dynamic markings 'dol' (dolce) and 'mezzo' (mezzo-forte) above the staves. A wavy line with '8v' is written below the bottom staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics: "Come come bonny lassie cry'd Sandy awa' While mither is spinning and father's a-". There is a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) below the first staff. A wavy line with '8v' is written below the bottom staff.

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics: "-far The folk are at work and the bairns are at play And we will be marry'd dear Penny to day And we will be".

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics: "marry'd dear Penny to day." There is a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) below the second staff.

2.

Stay stay bonny laddie I answered with speed
 Swine and Pmurena go with you indeed
 Besides should I do so what would the folk say
 Oh we canna marry dear Sandy to day

3.

List list cried he lassie and mind what you do
 Baith Peggy and Patty I give up for you
 Beside a full twelvemonth we've trifled away
 And one or the other I'll marry to day

4.

The bonny laddie replied I gain
 All Peggy you said to her day on the plain
 Besides a new ribbon does Patty display
 So we canna marry dear Sandy to day

5.

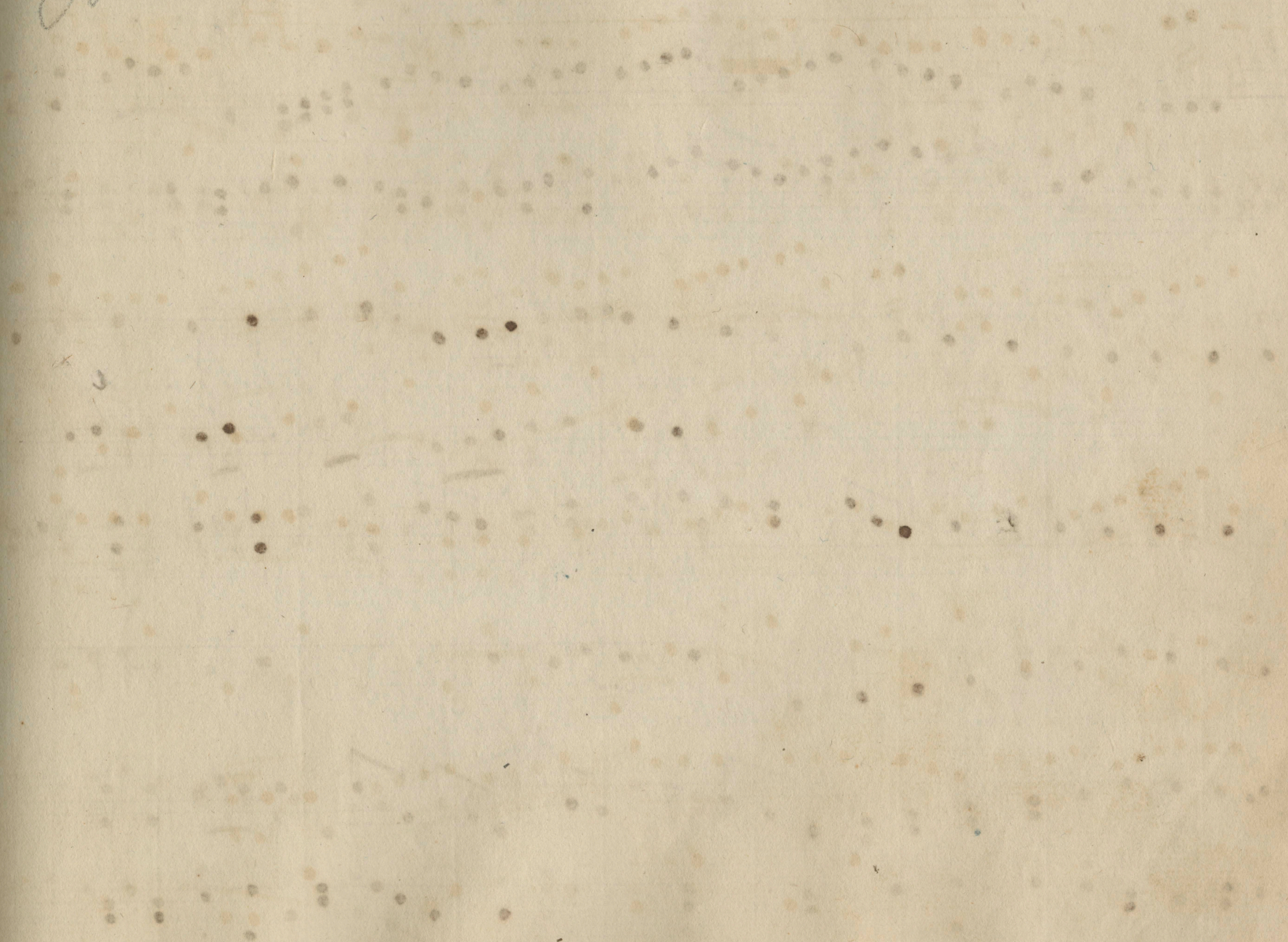
Then then a good bye bonny lassie says he
 For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me
 The hirk is hard bye and the bells call away
 And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to day

6.

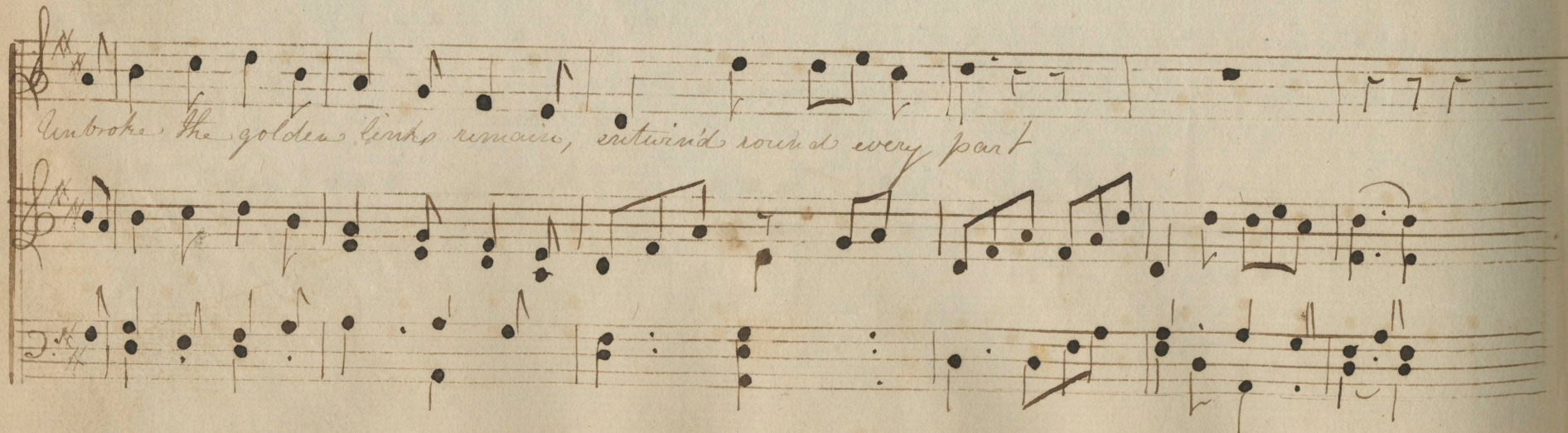
Stop stop bonny laddie says I with a smile
 For know I was joking indeed all the while
 Let Peggy go spin and send Patty away
 And we will be marry'd dear Sandy to day

Perpian Dance.

For



Rosa.



For if another's charms I praise those charms some fond remembrance raise, Perhaps 'twas not her
treasures flowing purpled cheek or blushes glowing, Oh no! Oh no! 'twas those lips or those eyes 'twas

those eyes 'twas those lips or those eyes 'twas
those lips or those eyes 'twas

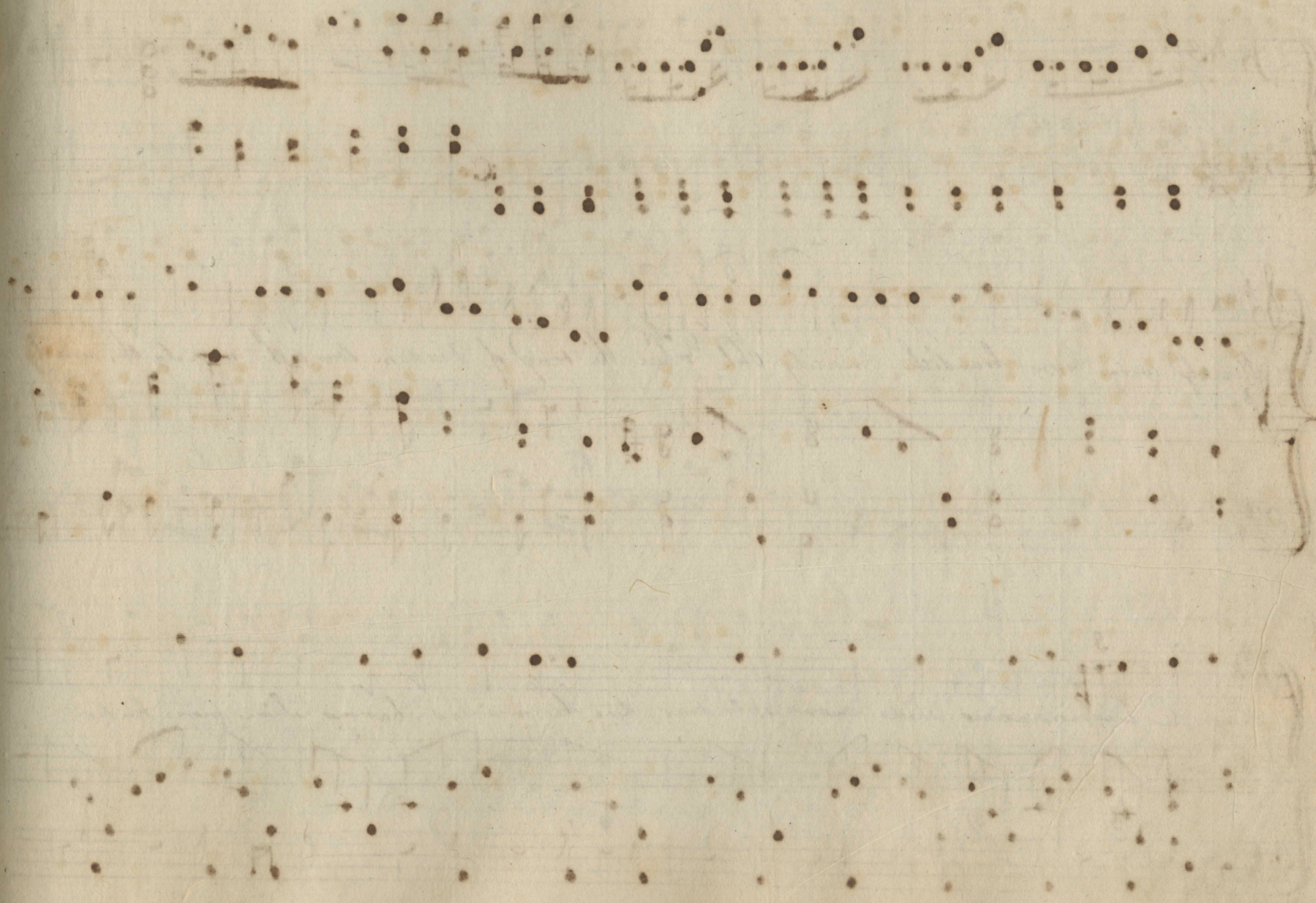
those lips or those eyes 'twas
those lips or those eyes 'twas

Dofa's eye 'twas Dofa's self that caught the sigh, 'twas Dofa into my heart

I own betray'd by youth or wine
 I've sworn a false or false divine,
 Or when some witching siren sung
 My yielding soul's bewildered throng
 Enraptured with her art -

But soon the feeble spell was gone,
 Some faint resemblance raised alone,
 Countenances lip sweet or looks lips smiling
 Long deludes my sense beguiling
 Oh no oh no!

'twas Dofa's voice 'twas Dofa's glance
 'twas Dofa's self, that caught the trance
 And touched my conscious heart -
 Oh no - oh no -
 'twas Dofa's lip or Dofa's eye
 'twas Dofa's self that caught the sigh
 Sweet Dofa, into my heart -



The Tyrolese Song of Liberty

Alligro vivace

Merrily every bosom boundeth merrily Oh! ^{merrily oh!} when the song of Freedom soundeth ^{merrily oh!} merrily oh! merrily oh!

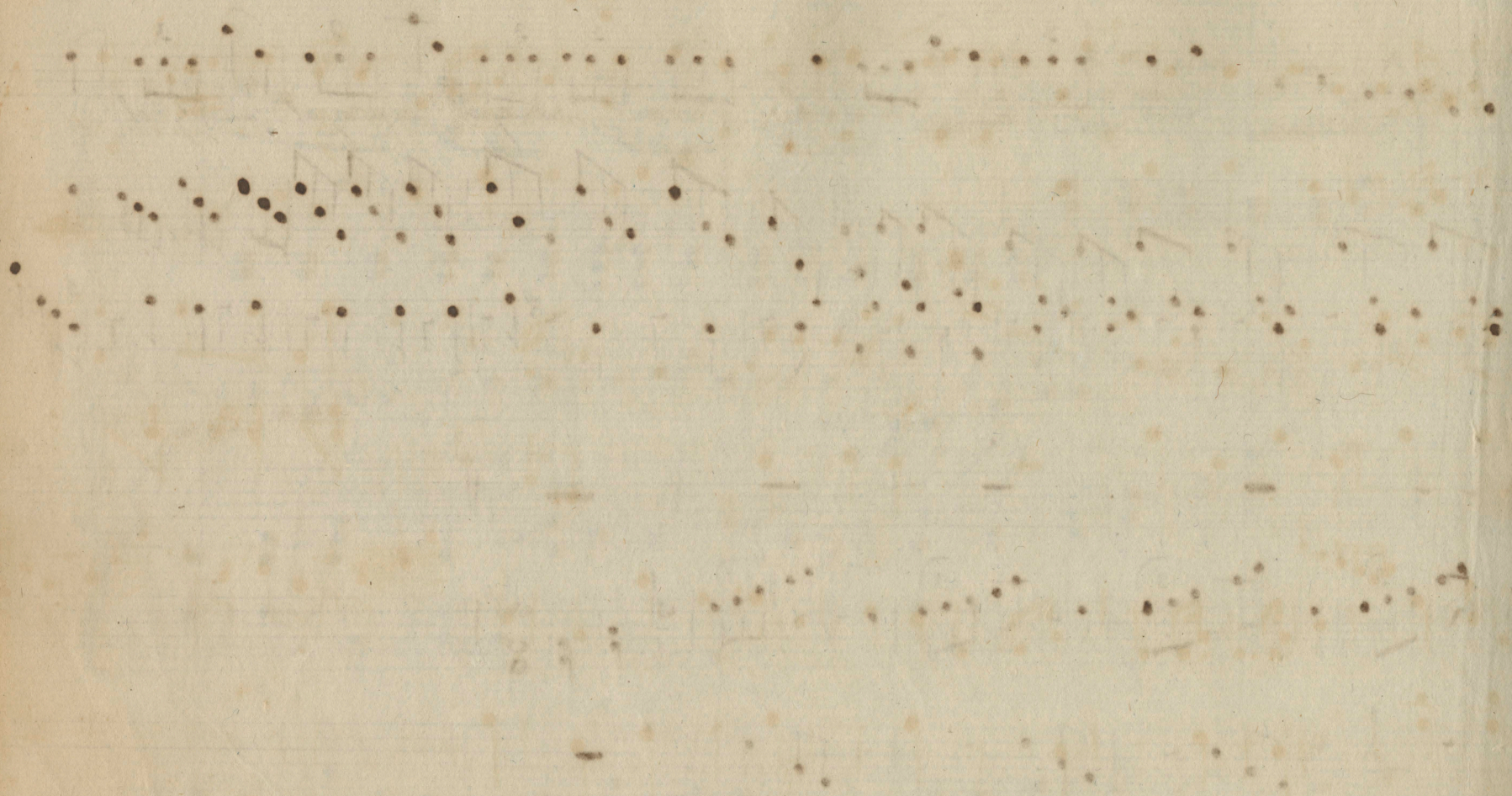
Here the warriors arms shed more splendour, than the maidens charms shine more tender

every joy the land surroundeth merrily oh! merrily oh! merrily merrily merrily oh! merrily oh! merrily oh!

Wearily every bosom perith

Wearily oh! wearily oh!
Where the bands of slavery twine
Wearily oh! wearily oh!
There the avocations dark hath no flatness
There the maidens heart hath no subjectness
Every flower of life declines
Wearily oh! Be

Cheerily then from hill and valley
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Like your natives fountains rally
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
If a glorious death won by bravery
Sweeter be than breath. Sighs in slavery
Round the flag of freedom rally
Cheerily oh! Be



Alice Brand

4.¹

Oh Alice Brand my native land was lost for love of you, and we must hold by word and vote

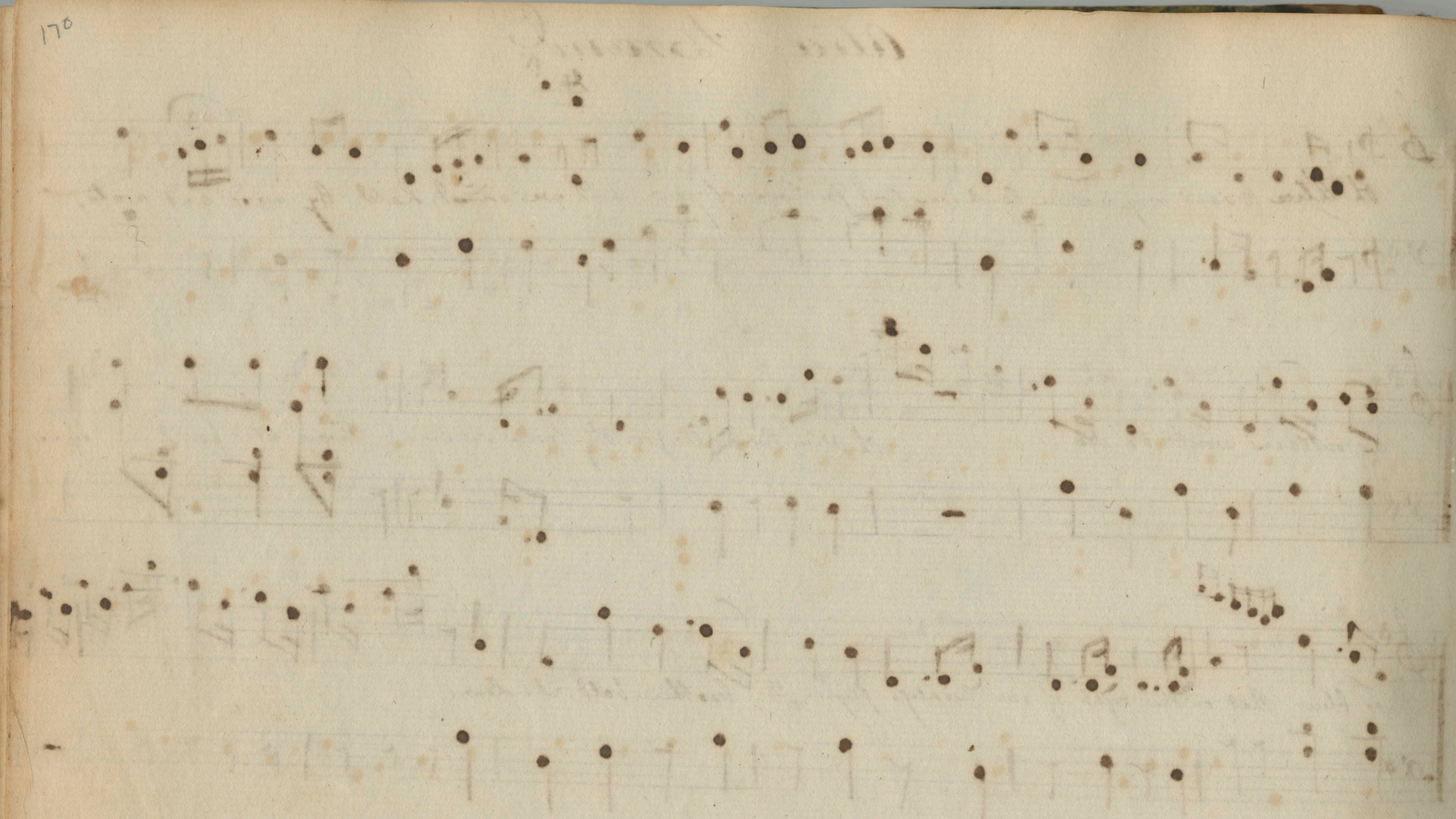
The first system of handwritten musical notation for the song 'Alice Brand'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The lyrics are 'Oh Alice Brand my native land was lost for love of you, and we must hold by word and vote'.

as outlaws wot to do. Oh Alice Brand all for thy locks so bright Thine all for thine eyes

The second system of handwritten musical notation. It consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom staff continues the bass line. The lyrics are 'as outlaws wot to do. Oh Alice Brand all for thy locks so bright Thine all for thine eyes'.

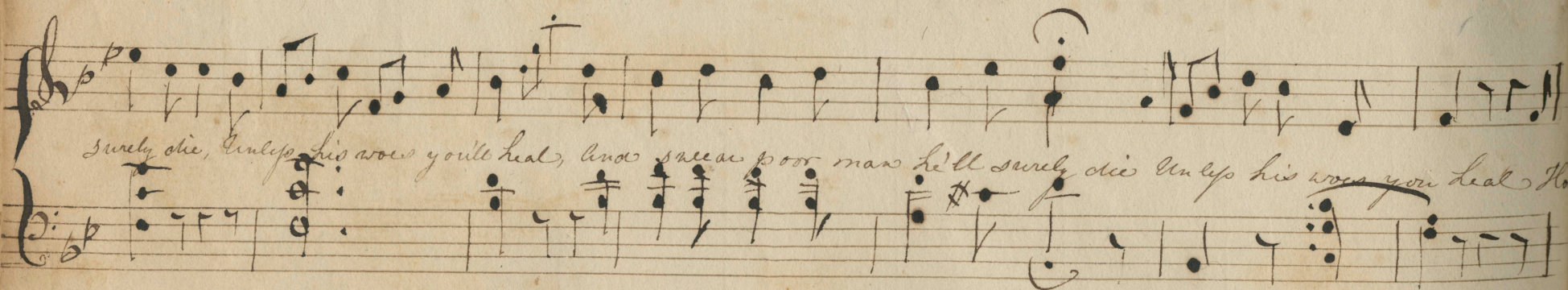
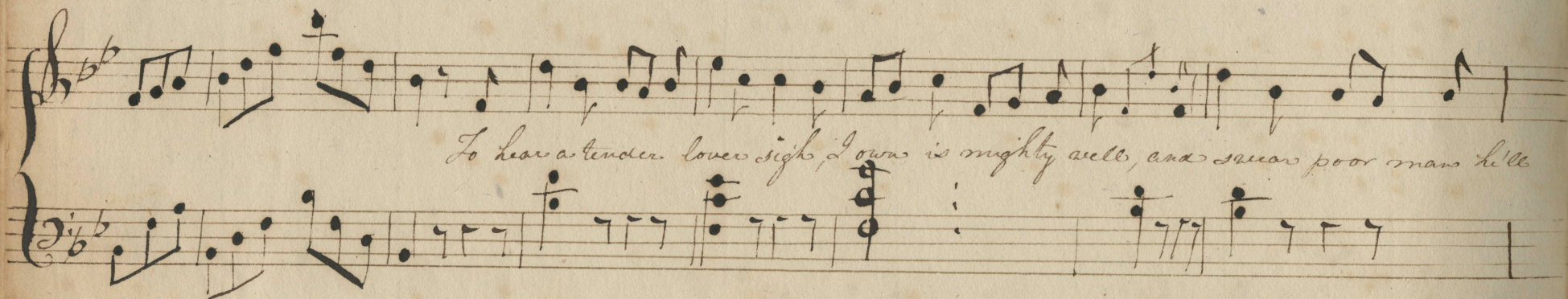
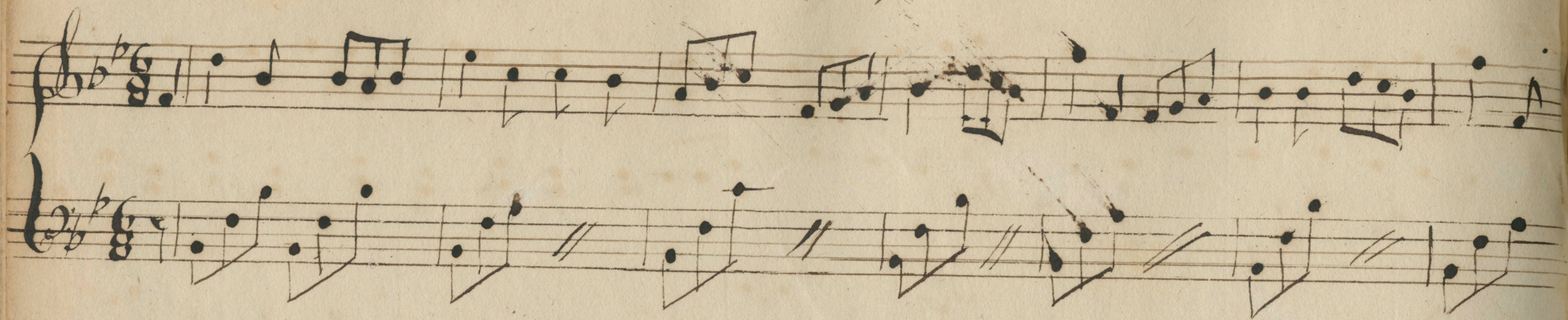
so blue that on the night of our luckless flight, thy brother told I drew.

The third system of handwritten musical notation. It consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom staff continues the bass line. The lyrics are 'so blue that on the night of our luckless flight, thy brother told I drew.'



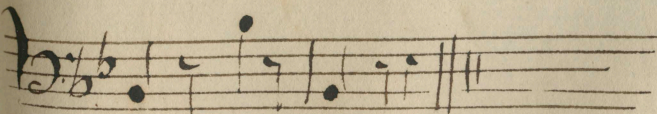
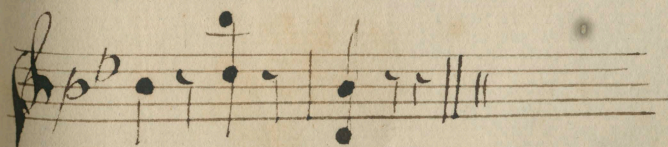
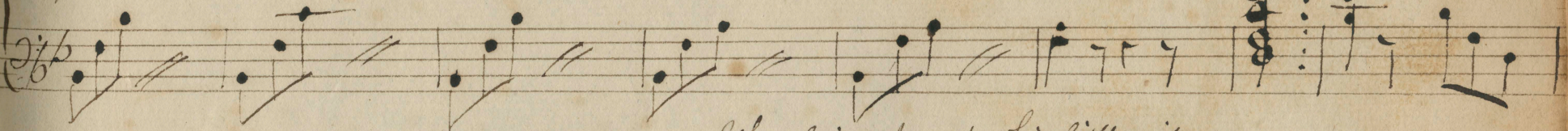
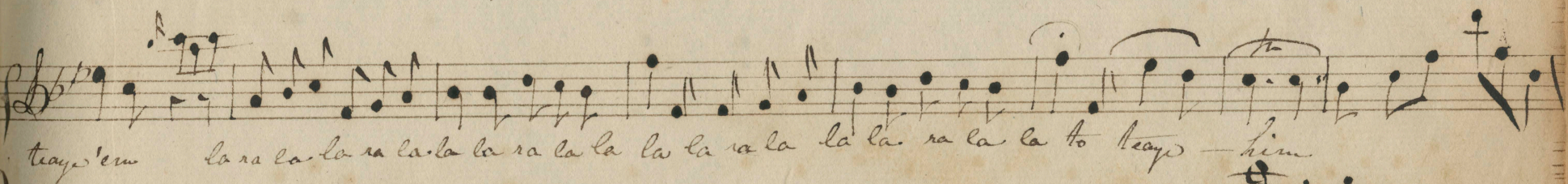
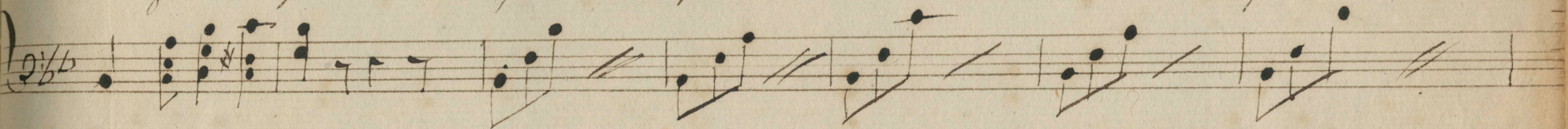


Just as sweet to teach 'em.





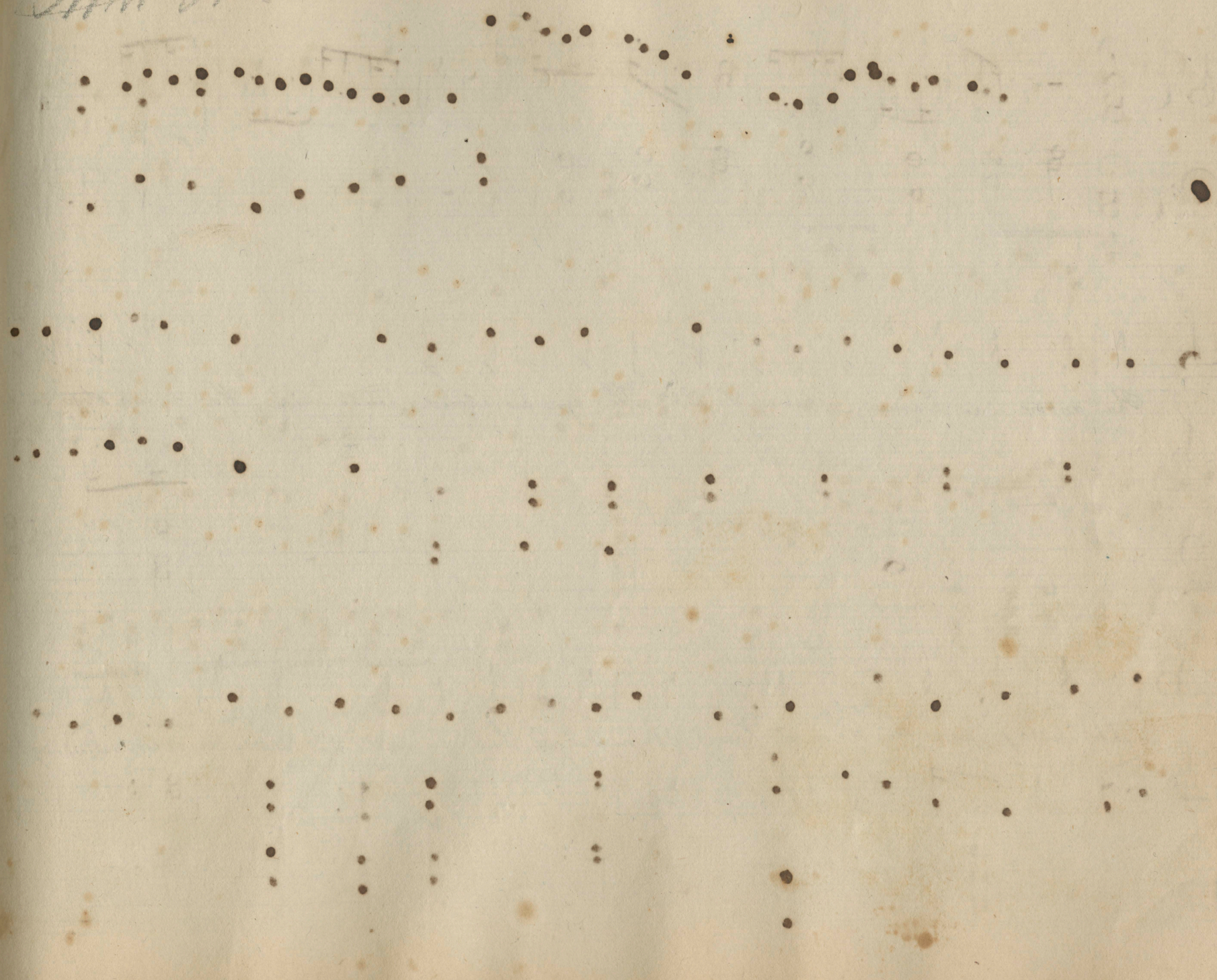
Jeux pour

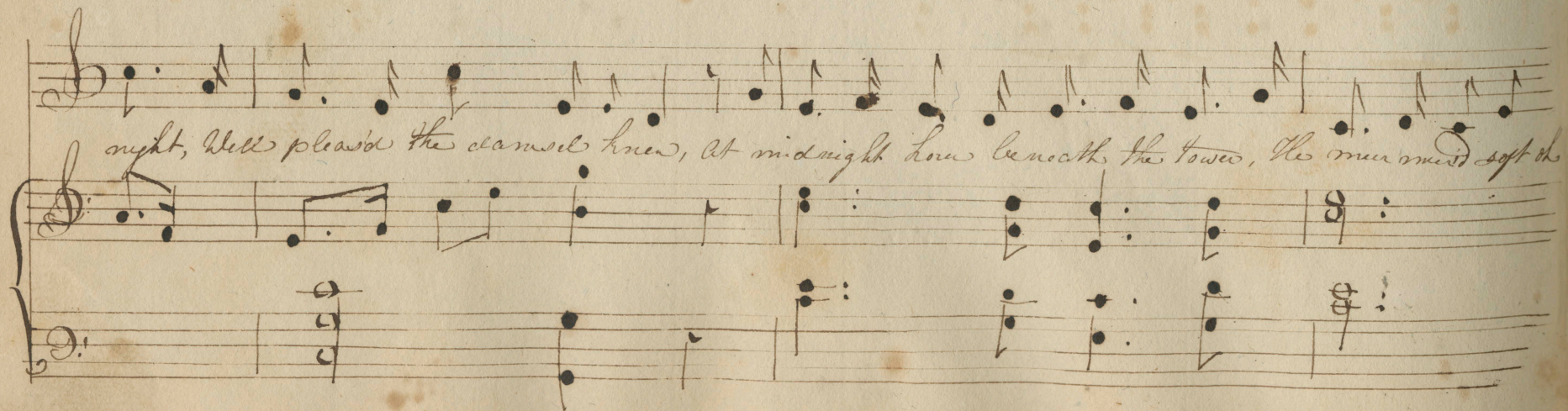
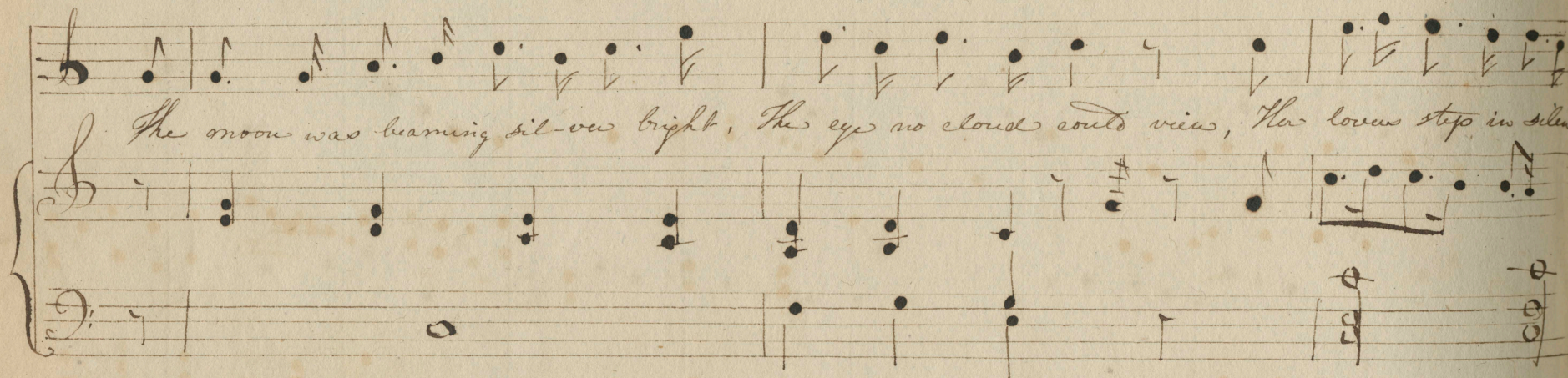
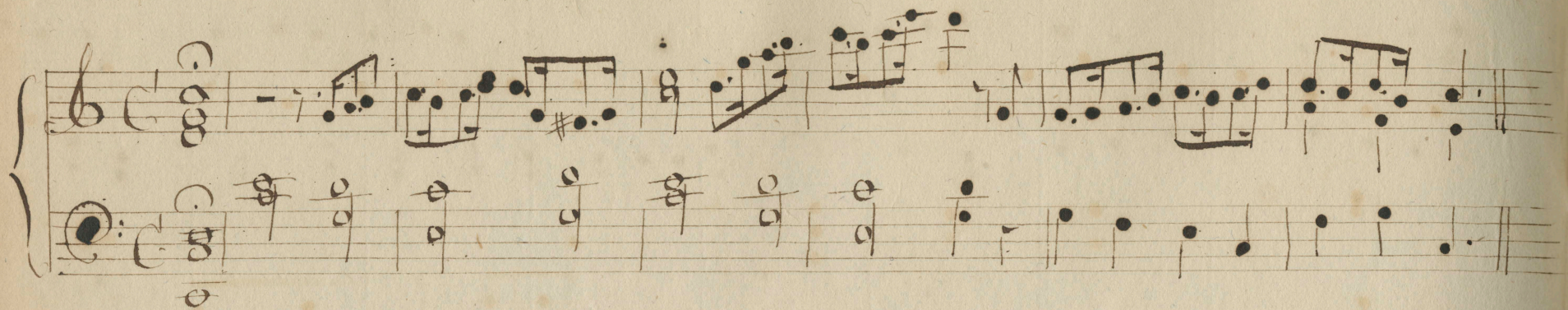


When Ginevra woo'd his little wife
 And talk'd so wondrous fine,
 To be the consort of his life,
 Was all my heart's design,
 But when he found his joy at hand,
 And I no more could please him,
 I quickly made him understand
 'Twas just as sweet to teaze him.



Min Spuffar



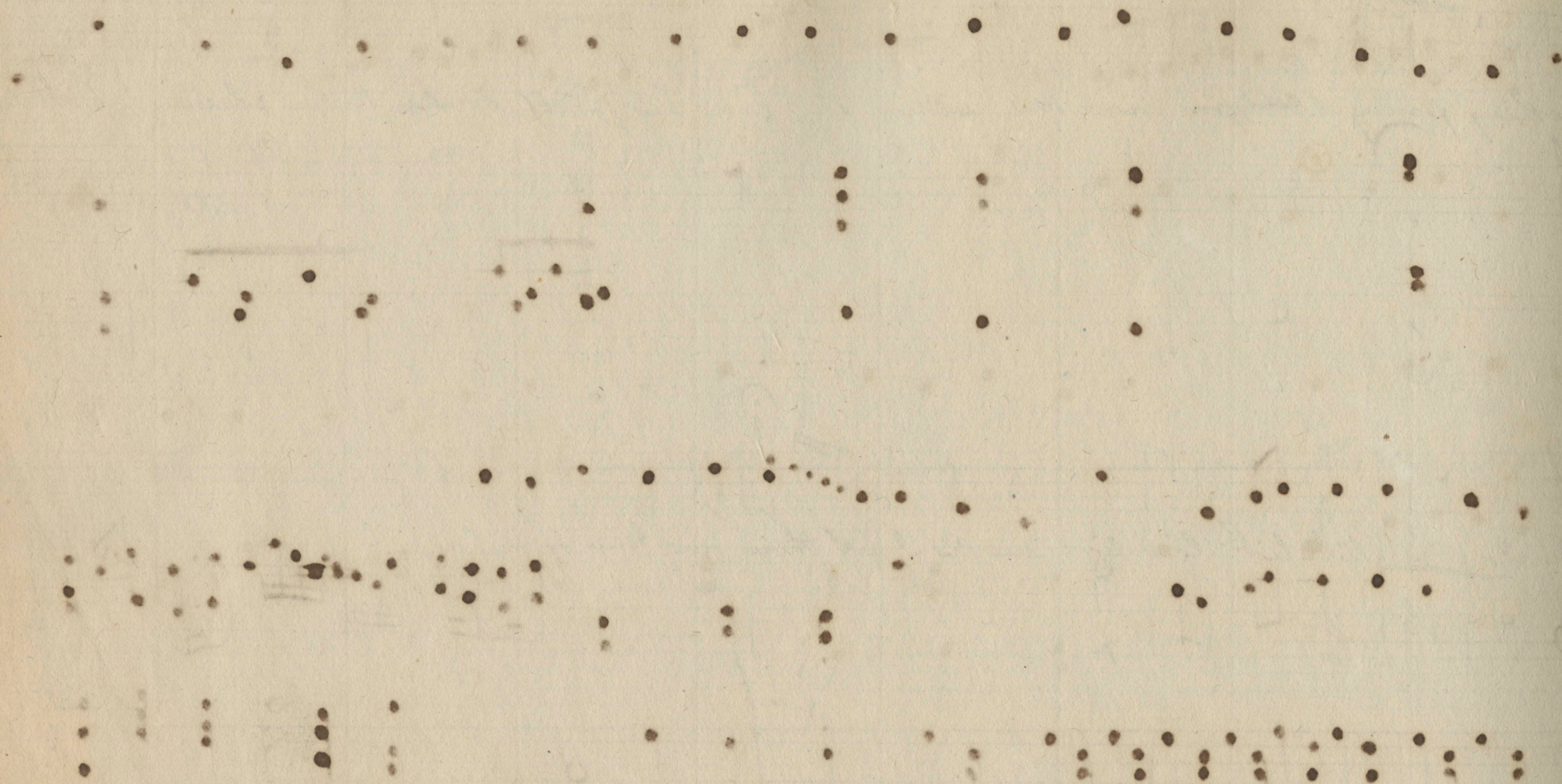
The Soldier's bride.

nothing fearing with your own true soldier fly, and his faithful heart be cheering, List dear

tis I - List - list - list - Love list - dear tis I with thine own true soldier fly.

Then whisper'd low, 'oh maidens fair
 Ere morning shed its ray,
 Thy love calls all perils dear
 And hark to hope away!
 In time of need
 You gallant stood,
 That chafes the men delay uproving
 Shall each peril bear thee by
 With his master's charmer roving,
 List, dear tis I,
 With thine own true soldier fly.

And now her gallant soldier's bride,
 She's fled her home afar,
 And chance of joy or woe bestride
 She'll brave with him the war -
 And bless the hour
 When match the tower
 The whisper'd soft oh! nothing fearing
 With thine own true soldier fly
 And his faithful heart be cheering
 List - dear tis I -
 With thine own true soldier fly.



Mary

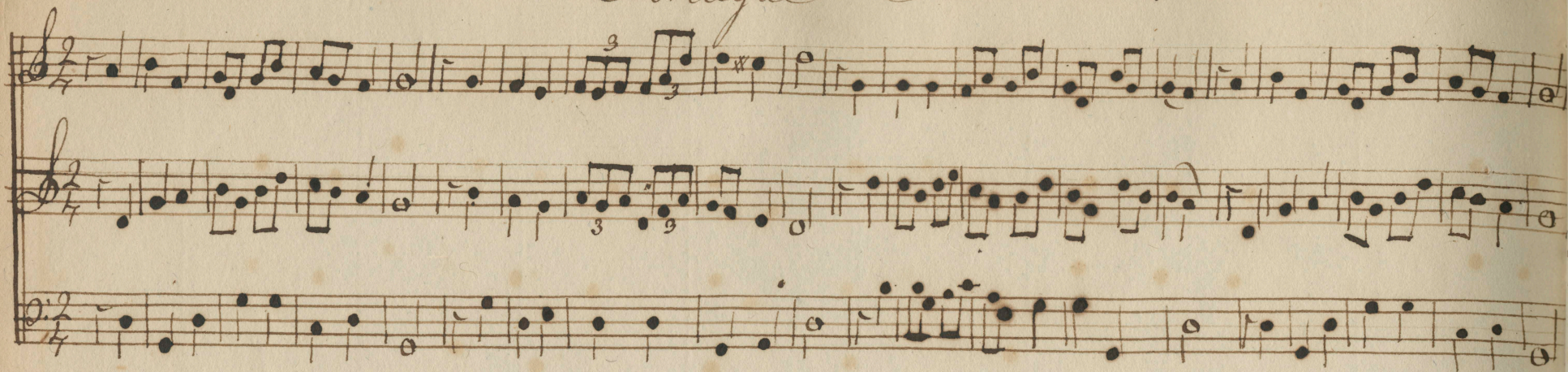
The gentle Maide of whom I sing,
 Once liv'd where Tweed's blue waters wave,
 But now the modest flower of spring,
 Hangs weeping o'er her dewy grave.
 Sord nymphs of Mary's fate beware,
 Of perjured William's bow take heed,
 Lest you should love and then despair,
 Like gentle Mary of the Tweed. —

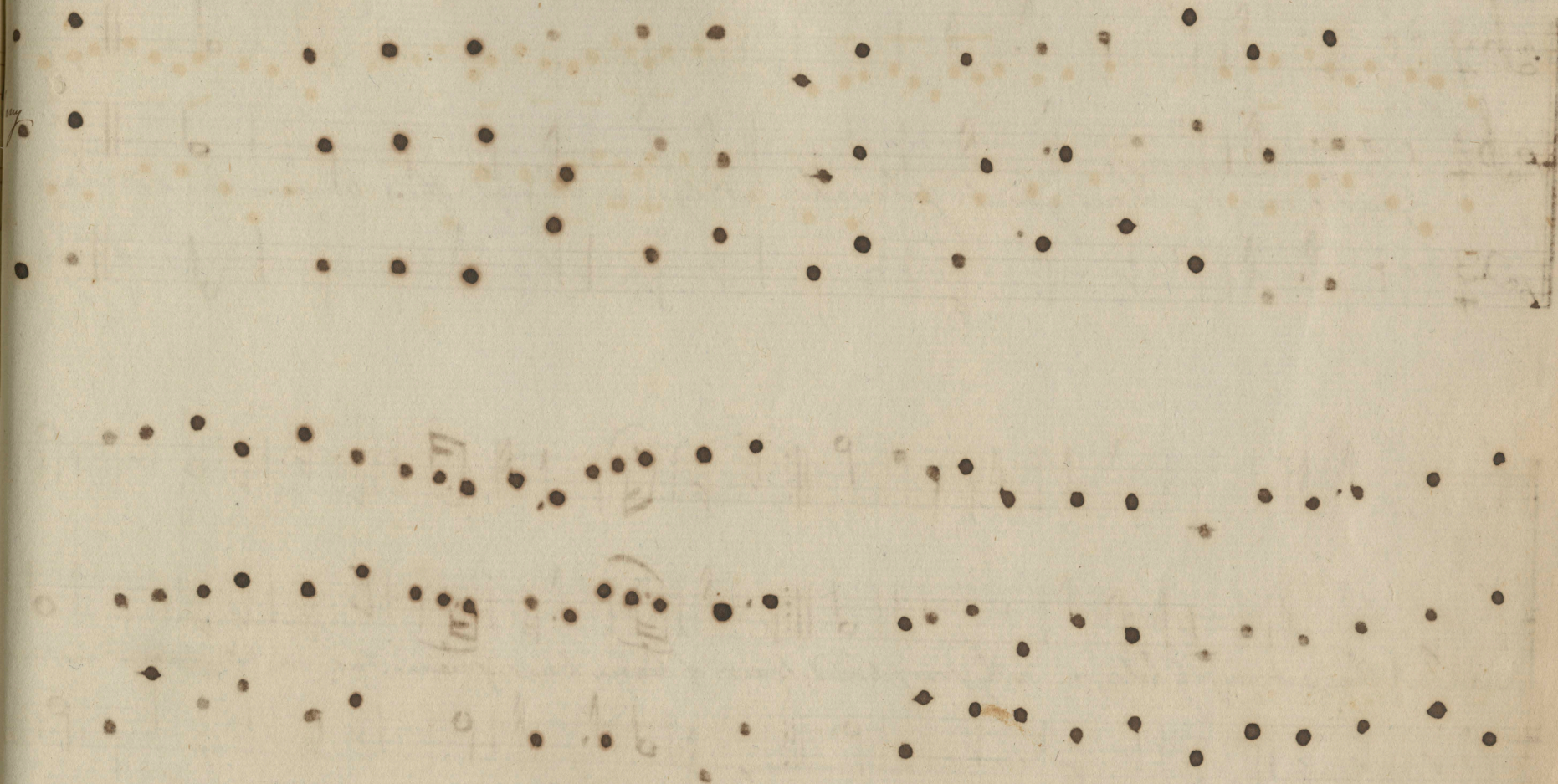
Though long he woo'd the tender Maide,
 And she was faithful in return,
 So wry sense of honor dead,
 He fled and left the fair to mourn.
 Alarm'd at her false lover's flight,
 Her fair companion's sought the mead,
 To sink the hopes in endless night,
 For gentle Mary of the Tweed. —

She heard, but scorn'd to upbraid,
 None she heard the secret sigh,
 For graceful pride induc'd the Maide,
 To hide her wrongs from wry eye.
 Here in these shades a prey to grief,
 She tun'd to plaintive straining the reed,
 Till death, from woe a blest relief
 Smote gentle Mary of the Tweed. —

Now in her deep bound grave at rest,
Where yonder willow hangs its head,
With hopeless care no more oppress'd,
Sleeps gentle Mary of the Tweed.

Portugal L M.





Samworth.

Pia

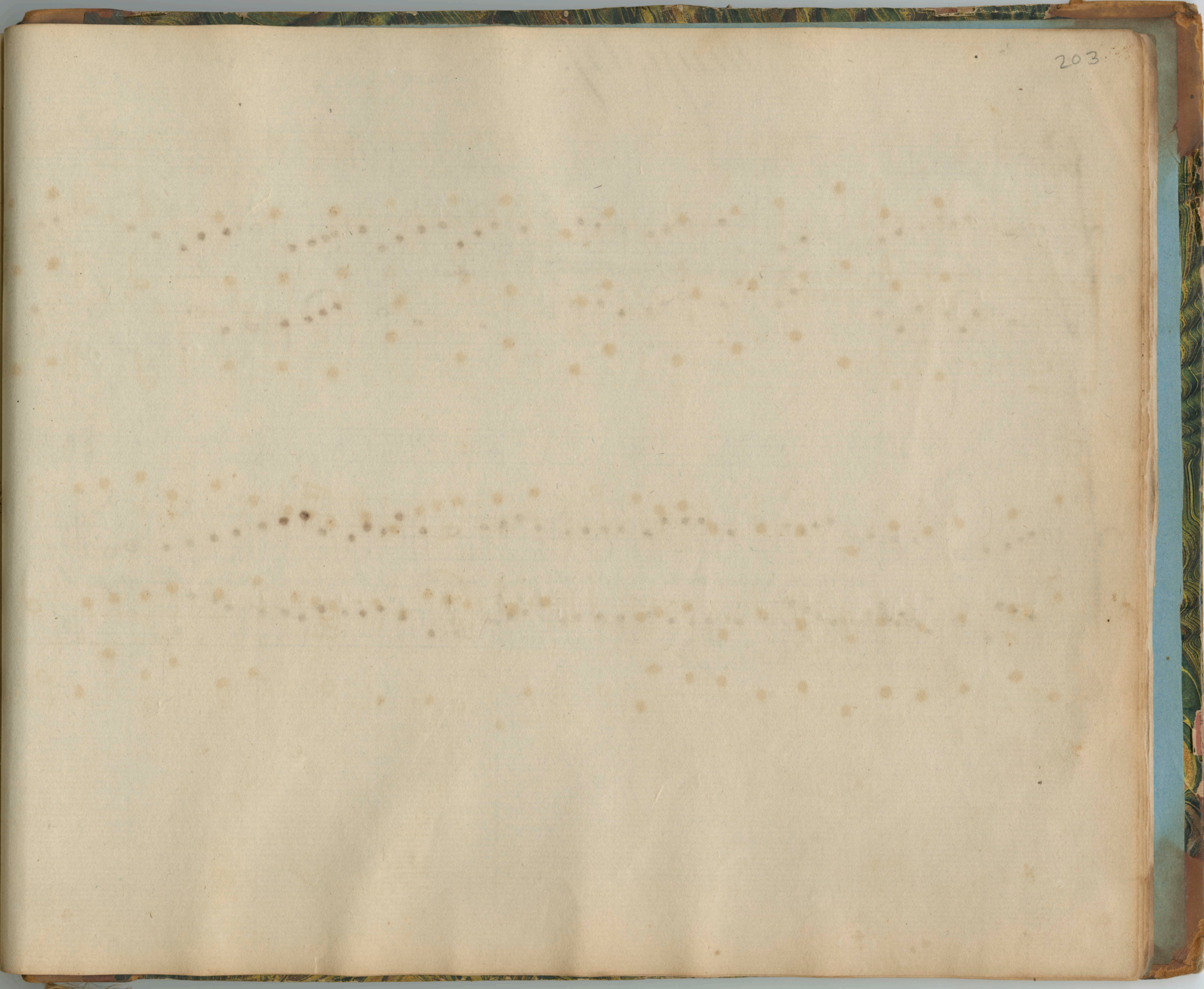
Air

Guide me, oh thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land I am

weak, but thou art mighty hold me in thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven Bread of heaven Feed me till I want no more.

Open, Lord the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me on my journey through.
 Strong deliverer
 Be thou still my strength and shield

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside,
 Death of death, and hell's destruction;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.



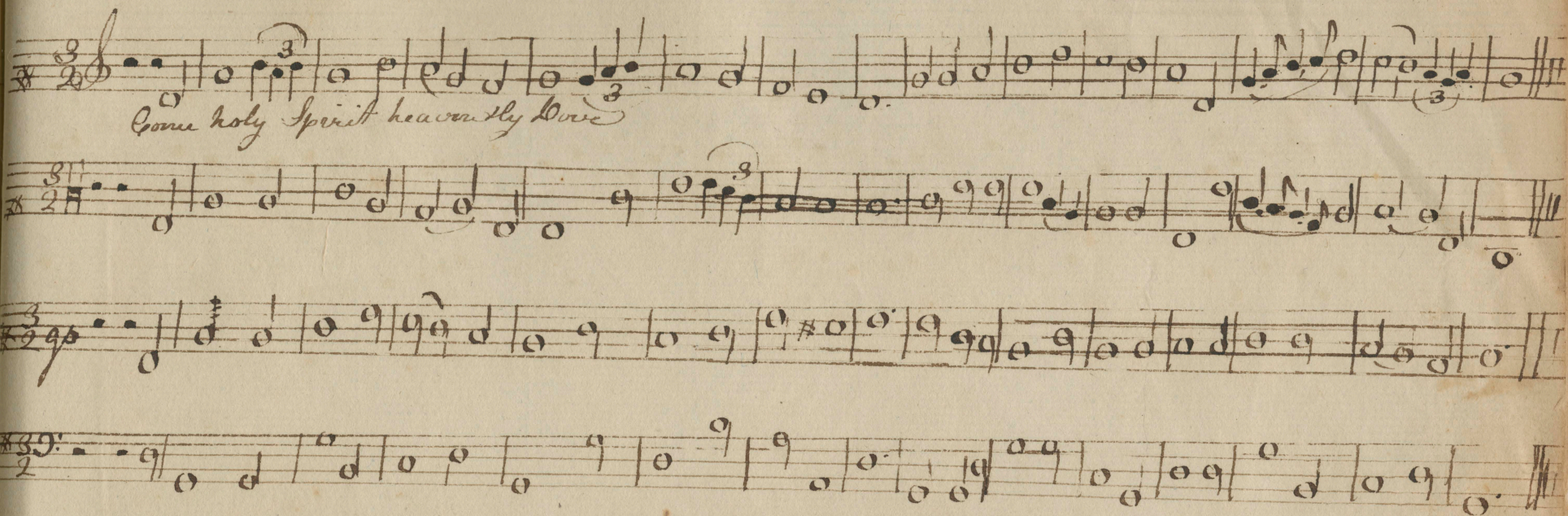
Majesty. C M. 15th Psalm. 1st Part C M.

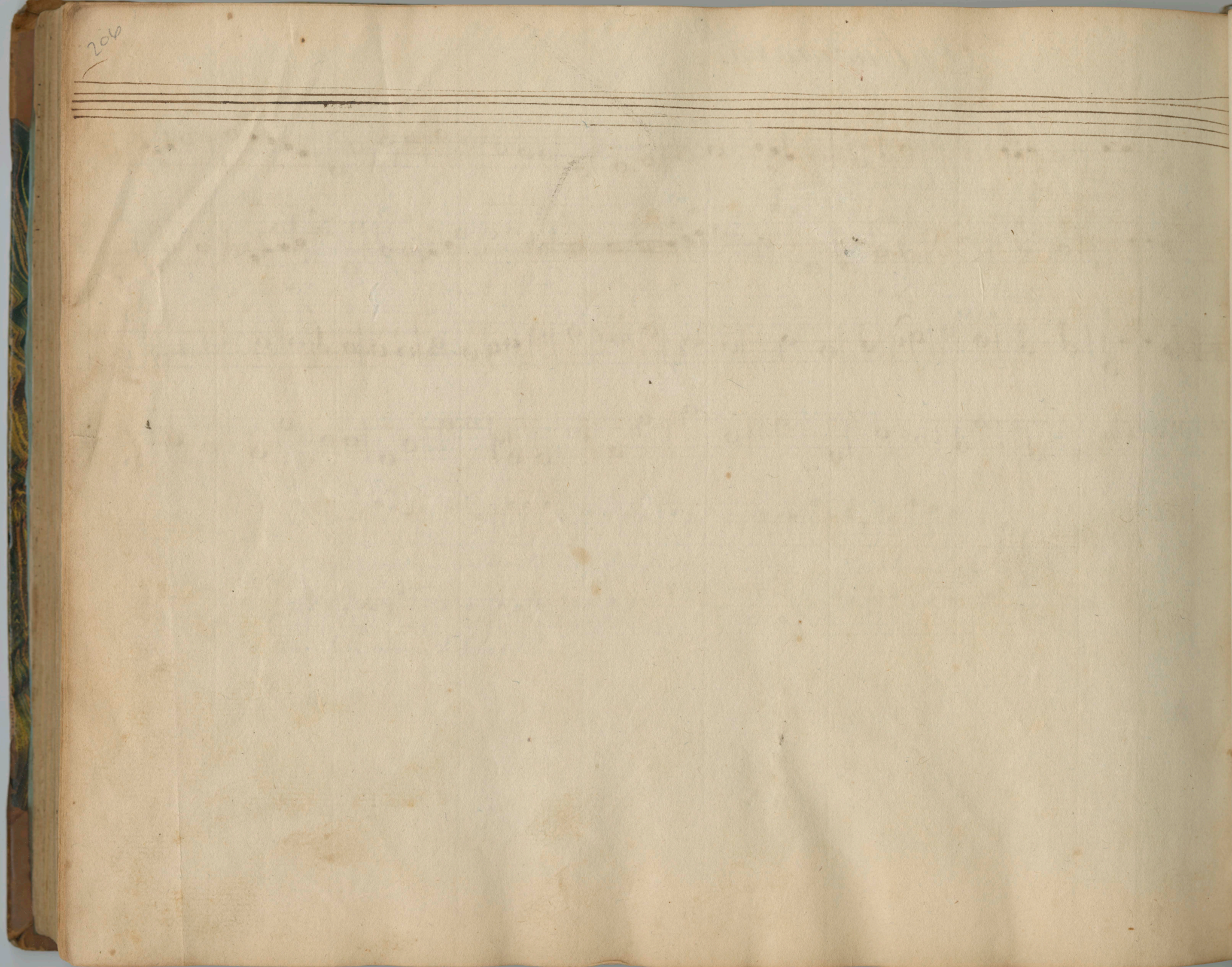
Handwritten musical score for the first system of 'Majesty'. The music is written on two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is marked 'C M.' (Common Time). The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff contains the following lyrics: 'The Lord descended from above and bowed the heavens most high & under his feet he cast the dark -- neps of'. The second staff contains the following lyrics: 'of the sky. full royally he rode & on the wings of mighty winds came flying all abroad and on the wings of'. The music is written in a cursive style, with many notes and rests. There are many accidentals and ornaments throughout the piece.

Handwritten musical score for the second system of 'Majesty'. The music is written on two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is marked 'C M.' (Common Time). The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff contains the following lyrics: 'of the sky. full royally he rode & on the wings of mighty winds came flying all abroad and on the wings of'. The second staff contains the following lyrics: 'On Cherubim & Seraphim'. The music is written in a cursive style, with many notes and rests. There are many accidentals and ornaments throughout the piece.

Wawmarke.

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